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# RACING REMINISCENCES







The Author

# RACING REMINISCENCES

*by*

J. C. GALSTAUN

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DAVID MAXIMILLIAN & CO.

WINDSOR HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

*First impression, Nov., 1942.*

*Joynarayan Press  
11-D, Arpuli Lane, Calcutta.*

To  
 All those Bookmakers,  
 who,  
 for the past sixty years,  
 have taken my hard earned money,  
 I  
 dedicate this book.



## NOTE

FOR any action, on account of infringement of copyright, by Sir Ormonde Winter, I will retaliate with a second edition full of "Winter's Tales." It will probably find a better sale than this effort of mine.

And, finally, I must thank a friend (who wishes to remain anonymous) for his editorial assistance which made the publication of this book possible, as, at this stage of my life, I found it difficult to do more than put down in note form my recollections of the past.

15, Sept., 1942.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "H. Galsworthy". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned centrally on the page.





## FOREWORD

WHEN it was first suggested that I should write my racing reminiscences I readily agreed, but realised that owing to my age, my state of health, and the fact that I had kept no diary or notes of any kind, I would be severely handicapped. The suggestion was made once again soon after the war started, and when it was pointed out that I might by this method make some contribution towards War Funds, I set about making jottings of past events, and in this way I completed a bundle of notes which formed the basis of this book.

For some of the facts contained in "Early Days" I am greatly indebted to Brigadier General Sir Ormonde Winter's chapter on "Racing in India," from that wonderful publication, "Racing at Home and Abroad," which I would recommend to every racegoer, but for the fact that the work is difficult to obtain, as it was published by private subscription at a cost of about £150 per head, and there are only about 400 copies in existence.

I must also acknowledge the great help received throughout from a little compilation entitled: "A record of races won by J. C. Galstaun 1900-1936." This collection was made



by my grand-nephew, J. C. Aparcar, while still at school, and it certainly saved much searching of records.

I have to thank Mr. Bose, the photographer, for all the photographs which appear in the book, and I am greatly indebted to several friends who have helped with the details of some of the stories, and also for reviving old memories.

I make no excuses for including the greater portion of Chapter I of "Gamblers of the Turf," by Larry Lynx of "The People." It dealt with a phase of my racing career and it would be a shame to deprive the reader of a story which has been so ably told by "the man on the spot."

I have been warned that I have possibly infringed the law of copyright in Chapters I and XI but sincerely hope that no action will be taken against me on this score, especially as no one connected with the publication of this book will materially benefit, the whole of the profits being handed over to War Funds.

THE AUTHOR



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## CHAPTER I

### EARLY DAYS

"That's a natty little mare you have, Bill. Had her long?"

"Picked her up last week from an Arab, sir, cheap too."

"Looks as if she has speed, but I doubt if she'll gallop beyond a mile."

"Oh, she'll stay all right, sir—bred to stay—in fact, that's what the old Arab tried to explain to me."

"You'll soon find out that you can't trust these old Arabs, Bill. It's your money they want."

"Bet you ten bob, sir, she'll hold your old veteran over the Barracks-Lake gallop."

"Why, Bill, that's nearly two miles—your mare will never stand up to it."

"Still, I'll risk my ten bob, sir, if you're agreeable."

"Done," said the Senior Captain, "7 o'clock Sunday morning."

AND that's how racing, as we know it to-day, started in India. Just a simple match between a Captain and his Sub for ten bob a side. Do not ask me exactly when or where it happened, or the result of the match. But it was somewhere in Southern India before the Mahratta War of 1790, and it was not till Tippoo Sultan was cornered at Seringapatam in 1792, and normal conditions prevailed, that records of races or race meetings began to be kept.

Prior to that war we have no actual records of racing of any kind, and we can only guess that racing up to that date consisted of private matches between enthusiastic owners.



The first actual record we have of the sport is of a race meeting held in Madras early in 1795, when a race for Arabs was run over a distance of two miles in heats.

The only horses competing at this time were Arabs and country-breds. English horses had to go through the gruelling of a six-month voyage round the Cape, and the ships they were on were liable to be attacked by French vessels ready and eager for loot.

Racing in England had been going on for some considerable time, and, this year (1795) Racing Colours were used for the first time.

In Madras, racing continued to make good progress, and English horses started competing about 1798.

Calcutta was next on the scene. My authority for this is Brigadier General Sir Ormonde Winter in his chapter on "Racing and Breeding in India," in Vol. III of "Racing at Home and Abroad," and his own source of information being an old diary, from which it appeared that in November, 1798, a race meeting was held, two races being decided, presumably, in heats.

Bombay was not long in following suit. They opened with a bigger programme in December, 1798, when three races were down for decision, to be run in heats, the entries totalling fifteen.

Poona came in much later—1819, to be exact. Their inaugural meeting included four races,

all of which were run in heats. Shortly after this meeting, a new course was purchased and Grand Stands erected.

Sir Ormonde also tells of a race against 'Time' which was included in the Poona Programme in 1822, when an enthusiastic owner entered his pony carrying 8.7 to complete sixteen miles within the hour. It successfully defeated 'Time' with fifteen minutes to spare.

What Calcutta, Madras and Bombay had been doing had its effect in other parts of India, and by 1830, racing was in progress in as many as twenty-five separate centres.

English blood was now being imported into the country. Breeding in India was rapidly developing, and the class of country-bred had much improved, and Australians, too, had begun to arrive. The nett result of all this was that the old Arab began to feel the pinch, and between 1835 and 1850, the authorities had to take measures to protect him. Arab racing from this time came into being as a thing apart, as it was generally acknowledged that the old Arab was no longer able to compete with English, Australian and country-bred horses.

The next ten years saw 'heats' fall into disfavour, while the sprint race gradually found a place in most programmes which had hitherto catered only for stayers.

1850-1860 was a bad patch for racing in India. Australian horses were forbidden to

land, horses from the Cape had stopped coming owing to sickness, and among many racing experts the idea had taken firm hold that English stock did not do well in this country. This theory was later disproved, and it has always been my conviction that the reason English horses did not do so well in the past, was because they were put into training and raced too soon after a long and exhausting voyage.

A sort of prejudice had sprung up against the sport, and Government servants were forbidden to have any connection with the Turf. As a result, racing suffered and the C. T. C. weakened as a force.

In 1856, however, a new course was opened in Bombay, and in Calcutta a race was started which was later to be known as the Viceroy's Cup, its first title being the Governor-General's Plate. It was a Terms Race over the St. Leger distance, weight for age with penalties and allowances. 'Nero,' an Arab, won the first race, and this was the only occasion on which an Arab was successful. 'Nero' was in receipt of 9 lbs. from the Australian 'Mercury' and it was a triumph of jockeyship rather than of horse flesh. 'Nero' was permitted to break away to a thirty-length lead, which, however, was reduced to a neck at the finish.

The Mutiny of 1857, naturally, brought racing to a standstill all over India, and it was

not till late in the following year that it started again in a mild way.

At up-country meetings hurdle races began to figure in programmes, and the C. T. C., which had ceased to function for some time, came to life again in 1859.

Strangely enough with the rebirth of the C. T. C., I saw the light of day for the first time. It was on the 14th day of July, 1859, in Julpha, Ispahan, that I was born. The date is immaterial except that a simple calculation will reveal the fact that on the 14th day of July, 1942, I turned 83 which should convince all doubting Thomases that I am much older than Capt. Deane, the starter, Major Hilliard, the Veterinary Surgeon, Tom Williamson, the trainer, and Skinny Baker, the jockey !

By 1861, the Poona meeting was revived and a general improvement in conditions set in all over India, and the next five years saw rapid developments. In 1861, the Governor-General's Plate was made a two-mile race.

The C. T. C. started their famous sweep in 1867, the prize the first year being about Rs. 35,000/-.

Up to this time, all racing had taken place in the mornings. For the first time in 1868, afternoon racing was tried out, and, though it took a few years, certainly by 1875, afternoon racing had entirely superseded morning racing.

Lord Lawrence was, in a general way, opposed to racing, and, during his Viceroyalty, no race for the Viceroy's Cup was run, nor did he grace any race meeting with his presence.

In 1869, however, all this was changed when Lord Mayo came to India as Viceroy. The Governor-General's Plate was run for, once again, but now, definitely, as the Viceroy's Cup, and Lord Mayo made it evident that he would whole-heartedly support the Turf. A whisper went round that he might even run his own horses, but this possibility was put to an end by his untimely death at the hands of a murderer in the Andamans.

I was now nearly ten years old and was attending a school, which was conducted as most schools in the East : very little was taught, and still less learnt. It was then decided that I should be sent to my Uncle in Calcutta to complete my education, and, later, to go into business with him. The only person who objected to this scheme, was my dear old Grandmother, who thought I was too young and frail to stand the strain of the long journey to Calcutta. The majority, however, carried the day, and my father decided to take me to Calcutta himself. From Julpha to Bushire, by caravan, a distance of 450 miles, took thirty days—covered to-day by air in three hours. I parted from my mother at the junction of the Julpha road and the road to Shiraz, and that was the

last I saw of her, for I never returned to the land of my birth.

By October (1869) we arrived in Calcutta where we were met by my Uncle who took charge of me and made the necessary arrangements for my education. I was first placed in the Armenian Philanthropic Academy; later, sent to St. Xavier's; and, finally, to St. James'.

I have no intention of giving a long comparison between the Calcutta of 1869 and that of to-day, but I would, however, mention that when I arrived, there was no filtered water in the city, though the pipes were then being laid down. Most of the drinking water was obtained from Dalhousie Square tank and the tanks opposite Firpo's and the Bengal Club, while many families stored rain-water in large Pegu jars for drinking. The Indians' main supply was the Hooghly, though many Indian houses out of town had wells of their own.

All the roads had 'kutchra' open drains on either side, and, at that time, there were only three Jute Mills working. Everything was crude and rough, and the dust on the roads and in the houses was dreadful. It was during my last illness, early in 1941, when I lay in an air conditioned room in a comfortable Nursing Home, that I began to realise the improvements which had taken place in Calcutta in the last seventy years.

This year (1869) saw the opening of the Suez Canal, and, hereafter, the English thoroughbred came into its own in Indian racing. Horses could now be brought out in as many weeks as it had taken months, and English horses began to appear in greater numbers on Indian tracks.

In 1870, Lord Mayo's Cup was won by 'Favouritte,' and the race was a fiasco.

Sir Ormonde Winter tells the story well. There were five runners and they finished as follows :—

1. Mr. A's Favouritte
2. Mr. A's Longden
3. Mr. B's Detrimental
4. Mr. C's Melbourne
5. Mr. D's Miss Trelawney

The judge, however, only placed the first three. There was no doubt about 'Favouritte's' win, but 'Longden' crossed 'Detrimental' up the straight. Under the rules of Calcutta racing, at that time, the disqualification of a horse similarly affected all the horses owned by the same owner in the race. 'Longden' was disqualified and so was 'Favouritte.' It was then discovered that 'Detrimental' was owned by a confederacy which Mr. B had failed to declare. So 'Detrimental,' too, was disqualified.

The owner of the fourth horse, Mr. C, then claimed the race, but the Stewards refused the application, as the judge had placed only three

horses. When Mr. D began to put in his claim, the Stewards stated that the whole matter had already been closed, and declared :—

1. That the race was null and void ;
2. That it should be run again ; and
3. That all bets stood pending the race being run again.

A reference, however, to the Stewards of the Jockey Club brought forth the following reply :—

1. 'Favourite' ought to have been declared the winner.
2. That as the Stewards had decided that the race was to be run over again all bets were null and void.

The Calcutta Stewards reconsidered their decision and the Cup was finally awarded to 'Favourite' for the second year.

At this meeting an Indian jockey, named Jaffer, caused a certain amount of amusement by raising the question that if an Indian jockey were allowed 3 lbs. allowance, would a half-caste jockey be allowed only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lbs ! Unfortunately, we have no record of the decision of the Stewards on this point. Jaffer always complained that press reporters referred to him as 'Jaffer' when he rode an 'also ran,' but against all his winning brackets appeared the words 'ridden by a native.' He was in great demand as he could ride under six stone, and when, a couple



of years later, he won the cup on 'Kingcraft,' he went to scale at 5.13. I think, he was the only Indian jockey to win the Viceroy's Cup.

The year 1871 saw the beginning of what eventually developed into the Tollygunge Steeplechases, and, in 1872, the Pari-mutuel began to operate in Calcutta, but it was never very popular here, though it caught on at up-country meetings.

The Viceroy's Cup that year was won by 'Satellite,' the first horse to win the coveted trophy on three separate occasions, though he did not win it in successive years as did some of the later champions. It should be remembered, however, that his third win was the substituted Prince of Wales' Cup in Delhi, as no Viceroy's Cup was run that year.

1873 and 1874 were bad years for racing in Calcutta, and, in the latter year, the Viceroy's Cup was a walk-over. The Cup advertised as being worth Rs. 1,000/- was found to be worth less than Rs. 500/-, and owners, who were asked to pay heavy entrance fees, plus starting sweepstakes, felt that they had not been given a square deal. Needless to say, the Cup had not been presented by the Viceroy, who had not even been asked to present the Cup.

In 1875, however, the course was improved and the stakes increased, and it became evident that things had begun to take a turn for the better. His Royal Highness the Prince of

Wales came to India, and we had the first State entry on the Calcutta course. Attached to his staff was Lord Marcus Beresford, who, later, managed the Royal stables in England, and in the same year, with his regiment, came his brother, Lord William de la Poer Beresford, who, for the next twenty years, was the most dominant personality in Indian Racing.



## CHAPTER II

### THE BERESFORD EPOCH

LORD William came out as A. D. C. to the Viceroy and, from the outset, he interested himself in the Turf. He possessed exclusive racing interests of his own and was also associated with the Maharaja of Dharbanga, and, later, with the Maharaja of Patiala, in their racing ventures.

He was an intrepid rider and had many falls. At one of the Tollygunge Meetings he fell and put his shoulder out for the tenth time, and one day, shortly after, I saw him come a purler, flat on his face, when he smashed his nose. He was picked up unconscious, but the damage was put right and he was soon up and about again.

Meanwhile, my school days were drawing to a close ; and, in 1877, I left school and joined my Uncle, M. J. Galstaun, in whose office I worked from 6 a. m. till 9 p. m. Tough days those were.

All the experience I had had in Julpha of riding was limited to a few donkeys, but, while in school, in Calcutta, I had a piebald pony available most mornings, and, whenever it was possible, I was out on the *maidan*. I had attained a certain degree of proficiency in the saddle

and had received many hints and tips from Officers from the Fort on my morning rides.

It was shortly after I left school that I had my first ride in a race. I was watching a gymkhana meeting on the 'Ellenbo' course one afternoon, when an Army Officer, who had seen me out riding in the mornings, came up and asked me if I'd like to ride a pony of his. It was a chance for which I had been waiting for months, and I readily enough accepted the offer. Though I was thoroughly accustomed to ponies, I was told later that I had my whip out from the drop of the flag and was still whipping my mount even after it had passed the winning post. But I brought it home all right, thereby winning a race at my first attempt.

I was more than pleased with myself. The Officer told me he had purchased the pony in several lotteries and had won about Rs. 500/-. I was taken to the Fort, treated right royally and then driven home at about 9 p. m.

Lotteries had been growing in popularity but they were open only to members of the C.T.C. Gambling, however, had been increasing, and a wave of reckless plunging seems to have swept over India, culminating in Calcutta early in 1879, when the last settlement was only partial.

The following year, Brittain and Miller, the bookmakers, had set up in a shady corner in the enclosure, and were much more popular than the

Tote. They were soon doing a roaring trade and began to tour the up-country meetings with success.

By 1882, there were three firms of book-makers shouting the odds, and the C. T. C. opened a separate tote on the Viceroy's Cup : 'All in run or not' in addition to the 'win' and 'place' totes working on the course.

In 1881, the Viceroy's Cup was won by Lord William with 'Camballo,' and, in 1882, Jimmy Robinson appeared on the scene. He was a finished horseman but he got into hot water with the Stewards at an up-country meeting, and a newspaper reporter, writing of the event, referred to him as 'a precocious larrikin.' By 1886, however, he had come right to the front, and he was now considered equal to the best. At first, he rode freelance ; then for Patiala ; later, for Apcar ; and, finally, for me. I can honestly say that without his help, and the confidence I had in him, it would have been impossible for me to risk the large sums of money I did on my horses. When he left me to go and train Mr. M. Goculdas' horses, I felt that racing, after that, would be difficult for me, especially as we had been in the habit of riding in all our gallops and trials together. The Galstaun-Robinson combination was certainly word perfect, but one had to manage somehow, and I was lucky in having the services of men like Ruiz, Huxley, Rose, Wootton,

Whalley, Donoghue, and Wing, in subsequent years; but there was never the same comradeship that had existed between two men who had tried out their horses together, in most cases in the very early hours of the morning, while the stars were still out. At that time, there was no rule that horses could be worked only after a certain hour in the morning. If one were energetic enough to remove the obstacles which were put across the track, one could gallop horses at any time, and the reason we chose the very early hours of the morning was to observe as much secrecy as possible.

In 1883, Lord William entered into a racing partnership with the Maharaja of Dharbanga, but the seasons 1883 and 1884 were so disastrous for the new partnership that early in 1885 all their horses were put up for sale at a considerable loss. The season 1884-85 brought the Apcar stable to the front, 'Statesman' having won the Viceroy's Cup, the first of the many Apcar successes in this race.

Undaunted, however, Lord William proceeded to England and came back with a new string including 'Metal,' and a lightweight jockey, named Dunn, whom he needed, as 'Metal' would have to carry only seven stone if he ran in the Viceroy's Cup.

The stable progressed, and, later in the year, when he had won the Trials and it was more

or less certain that 'Metal' would also win the Viceroy's Cup, Lord William transferred the horse to the Maharaja of Dharbanga, to make up for the previous two disastrous seasons ; and when 'Metal' won, Lord William himself led the horse into the enclosure for the Viceroy's inspection.

In 1886, the C. T. C. took control of racing in all centres where no Turf Club was in existence.

In the same year, in June, my Uncle died. He had built up good connections in Java and Singapore. These good friends wrote to me on his death suggesting that I go and see them. So I left Calcutta in August for Singapore and Java, where my Uncle's friends gave me a grand reception ; then, having made all the necessary business contacts, I returned to Calcutta as their Agent.

It did not take me long to get started. Being young and energetic I was eager for the fray, but even in those days 'business' meant 'capital,' and my trip to Singapore had taken most of my small savings. All I had left was about Rs. 1,000/- in the bank.

The situation was critical, and something had to be done. So I went round to the Bank of Bengal and sent in my name to Sir William Cruikshank, the Secretary and Treasurer, whom I had already met on several occasions in connection with my Uncle's business. He sent for me

and asked me what I wanted. I told him that I needed Rs. 5,000/- for my business, and when he enquired what security I was able to offer, I told him quite frankly that all I had in the world was about Rs. 1,000/- in his bank. He turned on me and told me that I had the damned cheek to ask for Rs. 5,000/- when I had no security, so I answered that if I had had the security I would not have needed his help ; it was because I had nothing that I had approached him ; and, in the sheer arrogance of youth, I snapped my fingers and left his room.

Rs. 5,000/- was, however, desperately needed ; so, a few days later, I was back in the bank, but, on this occasion, I chose the hour after lunch for the bearding of the lion.

Sir William saw me outside and called me in. "Do you still want that loan of Rs. 5,000/-?" —"Desperately," said I. He then wrote on a slip of paper in blue pencil and asked me to take the slip to the Chief Accountant. The note read : "Allow Mr. G. to overdraw his account up to Rs. 5,000/-."

A good lunch has a mellowing effect !

It may have been had banking, but it gave my start in life.

When he was leaving Calcutta, I went to the station to bid him farewell and he introduced me to his son-in-law, Mr. Dunbar—who had been appointed Secretary and Treasurer in his place—and added, "Look after this young



ruffian." He had remembered the day when I had snapped my fingers and walked out of his office.

No reminiscences of mine would be complete without a reference to the help and wonderful treatment I received from those two men, and equally, from Sir Norcot Warren, their successor. In fact, there would have been no racing for me, but for their help right through my business career.

My first visit to the Race Course proper was soon after I had ridden my first winner at the Gymkhana. I knew nothing of the form or merits of the horses. One of the bookmakers, Brittain and Miller, called out 50 to 1 'The Baron.' I went up to his board with a ten-rupee note and asked for a ticket on 'The Baron' which he wrote out and handed to me adding, "You're all right, lad, 'The Baron' will win."

In the race, there was a bit of a scrimmage ; one or two horses fell ; but 'The Baron' won. I went back to the bookmaker with my ticket. I think I was the only one on 'The Baron' with that bookmaker. He tapped me on the back and said, "I told you you'd win !" and gave me fifty ten-rupee notes, when I started walking away. "Hi, take another," he shouted, so I went back and took another ten-rupee note, thinking him to be a very generous fellow, not realising that I was entitled to my own stake in addition to the winnings.

My next bet that day was Rs. 100/- on a horse called 'Basanio.' My original intention was to back 'Bolero,' offered at 20 to 1, but I could not get near enough to the bookmaker at the time, and just then I heard an officer tell a friend that the stable (Lord William) had declared to win with 'Basanio,' so I switched across to 'Basanio' and my Rs. 100/- was lost, for the stable-neglected won the race, and instead of being plus Rs. 2,000/-, I was minus Rs. 100/- of my winnings.

Then I put Rs. 100/- for a place on a horse that won. I tore up my ticket, thinking that I had lost my bet as the horse had won instead of having placed. I was a green-horn then, though, I think, I have learnt a thing or two since.

I still had Rs. 300/- of my winnings which I decided to invest on a bicycle. It was a difficult job finding one, but I did find one eventually at Arlington's which, after some haggling, they agreed to let me have for Rs. 300/-. It took them a week to polish and clean the machine, which had a front-wheel diameter of five feet, and a rear-wheel diameter of ten inches. Photography, in Calcutta, was in its infancy in those days, and I regret that I have no photographic record of myself on my bicycle. I rode it for several hundred miles, but after a time however, it began to rattle badly and with much difficulty I sold it to a *bikriwalla* for ten rupees and there was I, back with my

original stake, as the result of my first outing on a race-course.

I have already mentioned Lord William's success with 'Camballo' in 1881, and of his handing over of 'Metal' to the Maharaja of Dharbanga in 1885, when 'Metal' appeared certain to win the Cup. Lord William was built that way. There was nothing small or petty in his make up, and when he did anything, it was handsomely done. He now decided that he would try and win another Viceroy's Cup for himself, so he got hold of Teddy Weeks, an Australian Importer, and commissioned him to bring him out a Cup horse.

Some weeks later, a horse, called 'Myall King,' arrived: a mean looking, light-fleshed, bay gelding, without any pretension to Class. When Lord William saw the animal he was very annoyed with Weeks for buying him a "damned Sydney Cab horse" as he called it.

Weeks was, however, a pretty shrewd judge of a horse and knew that he had done well for Lord William, and it was eventually arranged that Lord William would take the horse and would pay for it only if it turned out good enough to run for the Cup in the winter. It is now a historical fact of racing that 'Myall King' not only was entered for, but, indeed, won the Cup for Lord William.

Now, Weeks was at the best of times no respecter of persons, and that Cup day he had

visited the bar on several occasions. After 'Myall King' had won the cup, Weeks strolled on to the members' lawn in search of Lord William, found him, and hit him on the head with his open hand, sending his gray beaver well down over his eyes. Lord William turned round in a temper, and saw Weeks, who, by this time, having completely lost control of himself, and, I suppose, the whisky doing the rest, shouted: "Well, my Lord William, that damned Sydney Cab horse has won the cup for you, after all, and don't forget you have not yet paid for the b—."

Lord William, always the best of sportsmen, ignored the insult, and, later, took Teddy for what was, I hope, his last drink of the afternoon.

A few days later, 'Myall King' went on to win the Dharbanga Cup, and, presumably, Weeks was paid in full. Knowing Lord William, as I did, I fancy a substantial percentage was tacked on to the agreed price.

The following year the opposition was greater. Apar and Gasper brought out a fine animal, named 'Moorhouse,' which raced here successfully for several seasons.

The plums were fought out by 'Myall King' and 'Moorhouse,' the former winning the Viceroy's Cup for the second time, while 'Moorhouse' annexed the Cooch Behar Cup, Dharbanga Cup, and the Metropolitan.

At this time, the Viceroy's Cup was a plate worth Rs. 1,000/-, with Rs. 7,000/- added money, and a starting sweepstake of Rs. 150/-, and out of the entire stake, Rs. 1,200/- went to the second horse and Rs. 600/- to the third.

In 1889, Lord William made another of those gestures which stamped him as a fine gentleman and a great sportsman.

He had sold 'Myall King' to Dharbanga and had added 'Pennant' to his own string. Then came the famous gallop of which I had '*khabhar*.' It was to take place at four in the morning, and I went down with a bull's eye lantern to watch it. The gallop itself clearly established 'Pennant's' superiority over 'Myall King,' and when I was moving off after the gallop, Lord William, spotting the lantern came up and asked me what I was doing there. I told him that I had come to see the gallop and had satisfied myself that 'Pennant' had donkey licked 'Myall King.' He then asked me to keep the whole thing to myself, and added that he would have Rs. 100/- on for me if I kept my mouth shut. I assured him that I would say nothing of the gallop to anyone, but that I did not want the money on.

Lord William took a fancy to me and there-after entrusted me with many stable commissions.

'Pennant' won the Trial Stakes, and, when he looked a certainty for the Cup, Lord William

sold him to Dharbanga, and 'Pennant' won the Viceroy's Cup in Dharbanga's colours.

'Moorhouse,' the unfortunate, was again second. Apcar fancied his horse to such an extent that he had one bet of Rs. 50,000/- on it, at even money, with Captain Cooper, the bookmaker. After the race, Apcar cried off gambling, and, for years, his horses raced unsupported by him in the ring, except for the usual Rs. 1,000/- on his stable-selected in the Cup, and the winnings from these bets were paid to trainer and jockey. His brothers, however, continued to gamble on the stable, and, for sometime, they influenced 'Ring' operations.

Lotteries were stopped after this meeting. Teddy Weeks had bought up a number of horses in the Lottery on the Cup, and, eventually, defaulted to the extent of Rs. 40,000/-.

'Moorhouse' again won the Metropolitan, thereby establishing himself as the champion sprinter of the time. It is interesting to note that that year the Cooch Behar Cup was a more valuable race than the Viceroy's Cup, being worth Rs. 10,000/-, plus a starting sweepstake of Rs. 150/-, whereas the Viceroy's Cup was still a plate worth Rs. 1,000/- with Rs. 7,000/- added money, plus a starting sweepstake of Rs. 150/-.

The three Ezra brothers had already begun racing in a small way, and the blue and yellow hoops had been going a couple of seasons, but it was not till 1891 that they met with any

success with 'Savant,' a fine upstanding Australian.

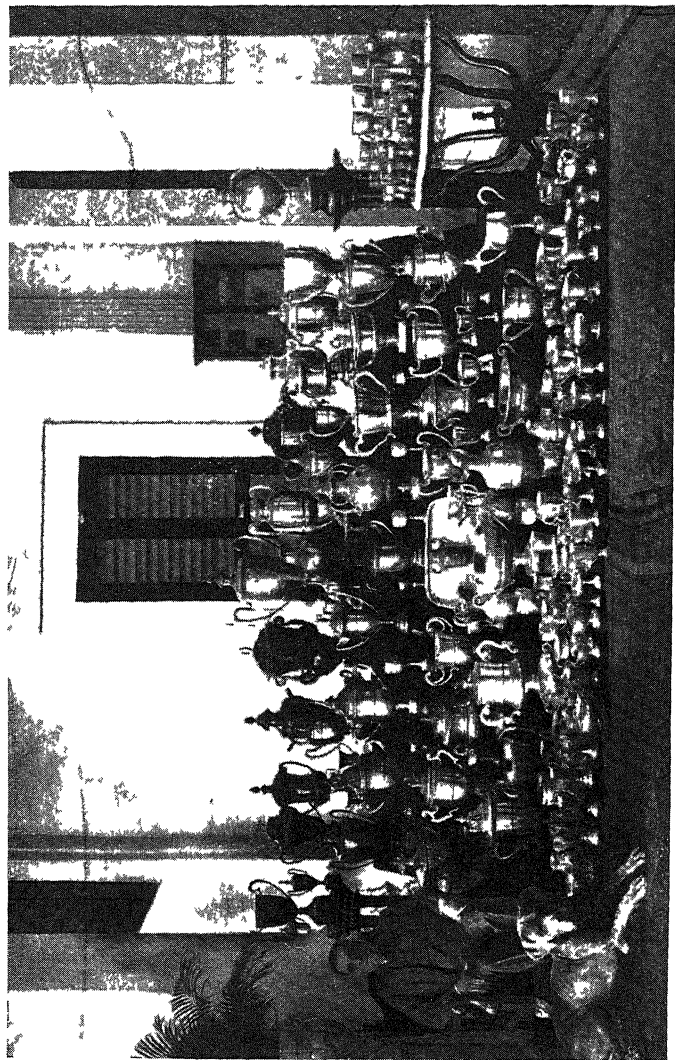
I myself always thought that I started racing in 1888,—and I must bow to those who have searched records—but Sir Ormonde Winter definitely states that "Galstaun started racing and rode his own horse to victory at Barrackpore in 1890."

I had certainly been riding for some time, but now had the additional pleasure of riding my own horses. The first horse I owned was 'The Deer.' He was one of the handsomest Arabs I have seen. I got him from A. B. Curtis who was importing Arabs into Calcutta. I trained him myself on the Ballygunge *maidan*, and, according to Sir Ormonde Winter, won on him at Barrackpore. I have an idea that thereafter I shared him with my friends Thaddeus and Alexander, but am not quite certain. I distinctly remember taking him over to Burdwan where I won on him, but his best race was in the Monsoons in 1891. He was in the Pony Stakes and Mr. E. H. Gregory had 'Ishtar,' an English mare, in the race, with Bartie Bates up. 'Ishtar' was at 6 to 4 on while ours could be had at eights, and I asked Thaddeus to put on Rs. 1,000/- each way, on our joint account.

Bates took 'Ishtar' to the front, but I, on 'The Deer,' joined him at the distance, and we came up the straight locked together, both whips out, and as we passed the post, we asked







The Author and his trophies—1930

each other which had won. When I saw my number go up, I was pleased, and realised that I had won over Rs. 4,000/- on the race ; but, to my dismay, after the weigh in, Thaddeus came up and said that he had funked it and had only put on Rs. 100/-. Old Thaddeus was never in favour of a big bet, and I know of only two occasions when he had a real plunge. He once backed a mare on Ruiz's assurance, and that day I got him Rs. 16,000/- to Rs. 2,000/- and had a fair win myself. On the other occasion he took Rs. 18,000/- to Rs. 2,000/- with me on 'First Flier,' but I covered that bet in time.

We then put 'The Deer' into Perrets hands, but the riding boys could not manage him, as he used to bolt with them ; and this performance kept on every morning for a week. We eventually sold the horse to Mr. Rowland Hudson who shipped it to England, where it won several prizes at horse shows.

Meanwhile, it had become evident that the Maharaja of Dharbanga's interest in racing had begun to wane. He was beginning to be tied down to State affairs, and Lord William took back all the horses he had sold to him. The Maharaja of Patiala, hearing of the breaking up of the partnership, approached Lord William, and, thereafter, the Patiala stable was under Lord William's management until he finally left India.

In 1890, when 'Moorhouse' won the Trials, it

looked as if the Apar luck would turn, but, once again, 'Myall King' won the Cup, registering its third win in that race.

The Apar luck, however, turned later in the season at Lucknow, when Robinson steered 'Sylvia' to victory in the Civil Service Cup. She was, however, made to win it twice over as she was disqualified for carrying wrong weight, and it was only on appeal to the C. T. C. Stewards that the disqualification was cancelled.

Robinson had now come right into the front rank and was riding regularly for the Apar stable, and it was in the Viceroy's Cup, in 1891, that he rode 'Moorhouse' to victory, the horse having run second in his three previous efforts. The stake for the Cup had, that year, been increased to Rs. 10,000/-, making its value the same as the Cooch Behar Cup which was won by 'Savant.' This win gave the Ezras just the fillip they needed and from now on David, Edward and Aaron were all racing regularly and enthusiastically.

The bookmaking fraternity had been augmented by a newcomer, Charles Harding. His good humour, cockney accent and wit soon made him popular at all race meetings, and his odds, too, were just a bit better than the rest. However, after standing several years under C. T. C. rules, he eventually got into trouble and had to retire. His grouse, as Sir Ormonde puts it, was not so much against the disciplinary

action taken against him, as the accusation that he "the great Charles Harding" had paid a jockey "ten thousand rupees to stop a horse, when a thousand would have done it." He came back to Calcutta some years later, but confined his activities to Shakespearian recitations at schools and public halls.

By now, racing all over India had made such vast strides that there were as many as 250 days racing in the year. Gentlemen riders, too, preponderated, there being as many as 125 against 50 professionals. By 1930, the number of amateurs had dropped to eight; whereas to-day, they appear only in closed races.

The Calcutta season 1892-93 brought to the front the popular Maharaja of Cooch Behar whose horse 'Highborn,' the newly imported black Australian gelding, swept all before him.

At the Lucknow meeting much excitement was created by a match between Captain Moolmer on 'Flashlight,' and Lord William Beresford on 'Tostig,' for Rs. 5,000/- a side. A match, in those days, was a common form of settling racing disputes, and figured in many programmes. With the very full race programmes we have to-day there is little place for them. The last match, I remember, in Calcutta, was with my 'Not Yet' against Barney Allen's 'Cissy J' for Rs. 7,500/- a side, as far back as 1902. I also remember 'Black Buck' and 'Serpent' racing along in 1912, but cannot remember whether this was a two horse

race or a match ; and, finally, another with 'One' and 'Blackmailer' during the last war.

Apcar and Ezra joined forces the following year, and the Beresford-Patiala combination also persevered with 'Tostig,' but neither combination succeeded in lowering the Cooch Behar colours, 'Highborn' winning the Trial Stakes and Viceroy's Cup, and, later, the Merchant's Cup, with 10. 12.

It was not, however, till they were at Lucknow that Lord William came into his own. He was always ready for a gamble, and this time they had the goods. They had bred at the Patiala stud a pony, named 'Mite,' which they had tried out at the Lucknow Autumn Meeting, and, later, with 'Parvo' the Champion pony, on the quiet at Calcutta. The stage was set for a rare old gamble. Lord William approached me and asked me to work the commission for him, but when I learnt the nature and extent of the commission, I suggested that we get hold of John Owen, who raced under the name of Austin, as he was just the man to tackle a job of this delicate nature. Betting on the race in those days started weeks before, and the Civil Service Cup was always a medium for heavy gambling.

'Parvo,' 'Carlton' and 'Wee Lassie' had opened joint favourites at fours, while 'Mite' could be had at tens. However, had it been known that one single bet had come from the Beresford crowd for 'Mite,' the latter would have quickly contracted in price. Lord William

intended to make a good thing out of this and had laid his plans accordingly. The arrangements were made with Austin's brother in Calcutta, before the party left for Lucknow. A telegram was to be sent by Owen, in Calcutta, to Austin, in Lucknow, two days before the race. Austin had already invited several people to dinner that night, including some of the bigger ring men. Lord William also was to be present. He had already taken a few bets on 'Parvo' at my suggestion and the ring was convinced that 'Parvo' was their horse, and the betting contracted to 3 to 1. Austin had arranged with the Hotel authorities that if a telegram should arrive for him it was to be kept and brought in during the meal. While they were still at dinner, the telegram arrived. After reading it, Austin passed it across to Lord William, with the following remark, "Read that, Lord William. Do you think we should put this man's money on for him, especially as we are backing 'Parvo' ourselves? He is one of my contractors in Calcutta."

Lord William replied : "I am afraid you must, John, unless you are prepared to stand the loss should 'Mite' win."

In the meantime, the bookmakers, smelling business, got interested, and asked what it was all about, so Austin read out the telegram. It ran :—

*John Owen*

*Royal Hotel, Lucknow.*

*Put me Rupees Ten Thousand Mite Civil Service  
Cup Stop Wife dreamt certain winner—Chatterjee.*

Each of the bookmakers was eager to get at least a part of the Rs. 10,000/- on to his book, but Austin was too slick for them. "Not yet, boys, not until I know the money is deposited in some bank in Calcutta in my name." Therefore, as previously arranged with Owen, a telegram was sent off, asking him to arrange with Chatterjee for a deposit of Rs. 10,000/- in some Calcutta Bank in Austin's name.

The following morning, at about 11 o'clock, a reply came, "*Rupees Ten Thousand deposited Chartered—Owen.*" and the bookmakers were there like bees round a honey pot.

The whole Rs. 10,000/- was placed at tens, and each of us got on a few hundreds for ourselves at the same price—"Just following the dear lady's dream." I do believe we could have put on another Rs. 10,000/- at the same price if we had been left to ourselves, but Lord William, hearing that we had got the whole lot on at tens was so surprised and delighted, that he took upon himself the rest of the commission when 'Mite's' price steadily contracted to two to one. On the day of the race, there was a further rush, and the S. P. was five to four on.

The result of the race was as follows :—

*Mah. of Patiala's 'Mite'—Vinall 1*

*Mr. Charles' 'Wee Lassie'—Robinson 2*

*Mah. of Patiala's 'Parvo'—Cleminson 3*

The Beresford crowd cleared about two lacs and we had each made a few thousands and were quite content for the rest of the meeting.

To show how good a thing 'Mite' really was for that race I would mention that he went on to win the Chutter Munzil Stakes the same day with one race intervening, with 10.10 on his back.

After the race, the bookmakers wanted to see this man Chatterjee, while Austin soothed them by telling them that they would see him when he came to settle. And it was a pretty heavy settling for them too, as at least four lacs had been taken from them in that race alone.

Some days later, at a big racing dinner in Calcutta, the true story of Chatterjee and his wife's dream was made public by one of the bookmakers himself as a good one against the fraternity.

This was Lord William's last big gamble, though, not his last flutter. We went on to the Sonapore Fair from Lucknow. It was a big *mela* and most of the bookmakers from Lucknow were also there. There was a race for ponies bought at the Fair. I had picked up one and




was to ride it. Lord William fancied it, and though I could tell him little about it, he had a gamble and cleared Rs. 6,000/- on the race.

Soon after, he left India, but returned in the autumn to settle his affairs.

For nearly twenty years his influence had been felt in all aspects of the sport and all the improvements that took place in Racing in Calcutta coincided with his term here. He had brought many Maharajas into the game, and, at the time of his departure, H. H. The Aga Khan, the Maharajas of Mysore, Vizianagram, Patiala, Cooch-Bihar, Gwalior, Kashmir, Dholpore, Holkar and Porbander were all racing, and, in addition, many other Indians had registered racing colours.

For Dharbanga, Patiala and himself, he won five Viceroy's Cups, two Cooch-Bihar Cups, two Dharbanga Cups, three Civil Service Cups and several Grand Military Steeplechases.

With his departure, a definite epoch in Racing had come to an end, and, for years after he left, the figure of the dashing devil-may-care soldier, with his hat at a rakish angle, remained in the memory of most racing enthusiasts in Calcutta.



## CHAPTER III

### BOOKMAKERS -vs- THE TOTE

A small meeting was started in Ballygunge, on the site of the present Dover Park and the surrounding land, by Mr. A. Milton, of Milton and Co., and came to be known as the Milton Park Meeting.

Henry Abbot, Charles of Jardine's, and one or two other well known business men of Calcutta were Stewards. The meeting was well run and was very popular, and continued from about 1890 to 1896. It was patronised by most of the leading Calcutta owners, and, especially, by those who themselves occasionally threw a leg over a saddle.

I myself had many mounts there, my best day being in May, 1895, when I rode both 'Queenie' and 'Dunmore' to victory.

But a clever gang got to work and spoilt the whole meeting with their thirst for quick riches. One afternoon there was a race for all ponies. An Arab, called 'Sohiell,' which had originally belonged to Lord William Beresford, was entered and had top weight and I remember that I had been offered and had accepted the mount on a C. B., named 'Monkey Brand,' which had, I later discovered, been backed down from

tens to threes. 'Sohiell' was favourite at 3 to 1 on, and I, for one, did not think that 'Sohiell' could possibly be beaten even at the weight.

As I was going out, Mackavoy, the Secretary of the Meeting, came up and whispered to me that I was on a winner.

However, once the race started, I could see the rider of 'Sohiell' sitting pretty. At the last lap, I was in front, but was easily passed by 'Sohiell' in the straight, who won by four lengths, pulling up. Nevertheless, on returning to scale, it was found that 'Sohiell' had carried a stone overweight and was disqualified—my mount being awarded the race.

'Sohiell's' connections had misjudged their horse, as I do not think that even two extra stone would have stopped it.

The Stewards resigned, and that was the end of Milton Park.

I had, in the meantime, increased my string to about four, but there was nothing very good among them, and my racing was, therefore, confined to Barrackpore, the Monsoons, and the Extra Meetings in Calcutta, with an occasional visit to Lucknow, Amballa and Meerut.

It was on one of these visits to Lucknow that I remember Mr. Austin causing us much merriment and surprise. He was a big strapping man with a good appetite. At one of the stations, on the way, we had stopped and *chota*

*hazri* was served, consisting of the usual bacon and eggs, tea, or coffee, and toast and marmalade.

Austin settled himself down and went through a prodigious meal, and we lost count of the number of times the bacon and eggs were served up to him. When replete, he pulled out a rupee from his pocket and slammed it on the table together with a tip of four annas.

The waiter gasped, and went in search of the head *khansamah* who appeared, full of reproaches.

"*Huzoor*," he said, "*Choudhay to unda khaiya—Ek rupiya day ta hai !*" When Austin magnanimously pulled out another rupee and said, "For the second helping."

Harris, the bookmaker, was another with a large appetite. On one occasion I remember his tucking away a whole leg of mutton at a sitting, for a wager, in the Great Eastern Hotel.

The season 1894-95 brought two new English importations into the limelight. Lord William had already purchased 'Sprightly' for Patiala, and that great sportsman, Capt. Orr Ewing, had brought out a couple of real good ones in 'Sea View,' a sprinter, and 'Metallic,' a stayer.

Lord William was no longer here to attend to the Patiala stable, but they still had the services of Vinall, one of the most reliable of jockeys. 'Highborn' was still going strong, and

had been summering in Darjeeling, under the care of Oakley.

Betting on the Cup, started early in those days. I quote an advertisement which appeared in the Indian Daily News in January, 1894.

*"Allen and Green, Great Eastern Hotel, will lay the odds about placing the horses in the Viceroy's Cup. Fair prices, prompt payment and civility is our motto."*

Again, in August, 1894, we read:

*"J. Jenkinson has returned from Australia and opened a book on the Viceroy's Cup, win and place."*

At this time, there was much controversy regarding the bookmakers and the Tote. Some were working on behalf of the ring, but there was a strong force arrayed against them in support of the Tote. The trouble grew to such dimensions that the question arose as to whether the bookmakers should stay or go. The Indian Daily News took the *via media* and suggested that both should remain so as to satisfy all parties. The main grouse against the ring was that their odds were always less than those paid by the Tote. The big gamblers were, however, well satisfied with the bookmakers, as they could get on large bets with them, whereas a really large bet on the Tote would have considerably reduced the odds.

It was then that Capt. Orr Ewing came to

the rescue of the ring in their struggle for existence.

He had already got most of his bets on 'Metallic' at fours and threes, and by Cup day its price had contracted to evens and that, in fact, was the S. P.

Orr Ewing now put Rs. 25,000/- on 'Metallic' on the Tote, knowing full well, that if it won, the odds that the Tote would pay would be reduced to the very minimum.

'Metallic' won comfortably and the Tote returned a win dividend of Rs. 11/-, which, at that time, was the minimum dividend. When the ring heard what Orr Ewing had done for them, they wanted to have a public demonstration in his favour. Anyway, the bookmakers remained, and the Tote remained, and both have been with us ever since.

At about this time, a small pony, named 'Mulberry,' appeared on the scene. He beat both 'Parvo' and 'Mite' in his first Civil Service Cup, and, eventually, proved himself a champion. I think, he was beaten only once, and that was in the Eclipse Stakes of 1895. He won three Civil Service Cups, but was perpetually disqualified after his third win in 1898, when it was discovered that a bookmaker had a large share in the horse which had not been declared. Next to 'Symptoms,' I think, he was the best small pony that ever raced in India.

In 1895, the Indian Grand National was started with a stake of Rs. 5,000/-. The race was run at the Ballygunge Meeting on January 1st.

This meeting had been steadily growing in popularity, and, shortly after, came to be known as the Tollygunge Steeplechases.

The season 1895 saw 'Sprightly' annex the Trials, Viceroy's Cup and Cooch Behar Cup, and, in the Autumn of that year, Mr. Boteler came out to take charge of the handicapping under C. T. C. rules, which he did for many years until he was made Senior Stipendiary Steward.

In the Monsoons of 1896, Mr. Carandini's new starting machine was used for the first time. This revolutionised racing which had hitherto employed the flag for all starts. I quote from the Indian Daily News of the time :

*Sept. 22, 1896.* "Mr. Carandini's starting machine will be used at the fourth monsoon meeting and the posts are shortly to be erected at the 5f post on the training track. Mr. Ferry's machine is much the same in principle as Mr. Carandini's with the exception that the gate is not so constructed that it contracts as it flies up."

*Sept. 28, 1896.* "Mr. Carandini's starting machine was used for all the flat races and it must be at once admitted that it did all the inventor claimed for it. It stopped break-aways and made the starts extremely level."

*Sept. 30, 1896.* "It is extremely probable that the starting machine will be adopted by the C. T. C. One of the stewards expressed himself as entirely satisfied with the results obtained."

In racing, however, we cannot satisfy everyone at the same time.

*In October, 1896,* the I. D. N. says, "Mr. Carandini's machine, while levelling up starts, had deprived those jockeys of the advantage they had learnt to acquire at the flag. Jimmy Robinson was considered 7 lbs. better than others at the start and this advantage has now been stopped by the new gate."

I can assure my readers, however, that, after a few starts at the new gate, Jimmy soon got back that seven pounds superiority that he was reputed to have acquired at the flag.

I myself tried out the new gate during that Monsoon Meeting when I rode 'Queenie,' but, for reasons which will appear in the next chapter, it was my last ride for sometime.



## CHAPTER IV

### 'QUEENIE'

EARLY in 1895, I had bought a chestnut mare, named 'Queenie.' She was a game little one, and I rode her to victory twice on the same day at Milton Park, in May, 1895, and her first run in the Monsoons was also in my name when she ran second, with Mr. Barrow up.

Thereafter, I gave her over to Mr. Stephen of Dacca on racing terms, and she ran twice more in the Monsoons of 1895 in his name when she was ridden on both occasions by Mr. Rees. In the extra meetings of the Calcutta races, in 1895, she ran three times in Stephen's name, registering a third and two brackets.

He then took her to Dacca, and, in January, 1896, she won for Stephen the Cooch Behar Cup and the Nawab Ashanolla's Purse from 'Nelly II,' and the Merchant's Cup from 'Free Lance.' These three races were subject to a condition to the effect that the horses entered should be the *bona fide* property of residents of Dacca and certain other districts.

Before the races, Stephen had sent me a copy of the prospectus in his own handwriting which read as follows :—

*1st. day*—Cooch Behar Cup Rs. 1,000/- C. B.  
14 hands 9.7 Arabs 13.3, 9.4 others 13.2 W. I.

Winners of a race Rs. 300/- after 30.4.94 4 lbs twice Rs. 300/- or once Rs. 500/- but not cumulative 7 lbs.,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

**2nd. day**—Nawab Ashanolla's Purse Rs. 1,000/- to the first, Rs. 500/- to the second, C. B. 14 hands 9.7, Arabs 13.3, 9.4, others 13.2 9 stone W. I. Winner of a race after 30.4.94 of Rs. 250/- or upwards, once, 4 lbs, or oftener, 7 lbs.,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

**3rd. day**—The Merchant's Cup Rs. 750/- handicap for C. B.'s 14 hands, Arabs 13.3, and others 13.2,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

From which it will be noticed that no mention was made of horses being *bona fide* property of residents of Dacca.

After certain correspondence regarding the payment of the stakes, Mr. Stephen died, and then, a complaint was lodged against me that as Mr. Stephen had entered the mare as his property I must have advised him to enter her in violation of what I must have known to be the conditions of the races in question.

My answer to this was that I did not know what the conditions of the races were; that Mr. Stephen had merely sent down to me a manuscript copy of the prospectus; and that in this copy no mention was made of the fact that horses entered in these races had to be the *bona fide* property of residents of Dacca.

This answer the Stewards felt unable to

accept, because they could not believe that Mr. Stephen would have gone to the trouble of sending me a manuscript copy of the prospectus when printed copies were available.

I was, however, asked to produce the manuscript copy, but, unfortunately, search as I would, I could not find it. All I did find was the covering letter which I duly handed in to the Secretary of the C. T. C. and which must still be in their file.

The nett result was the following notice which appeared in the Racing Calendar dated 10. 12. 1896.

"The Stewards confirm the decision of the Dacca Stewards disqualifying the pony 'Queenie' for the Cooch Behar Cup, the Nawab of Ashanolla's Purse, and the Merchant's Cup, at the Dacca races, in January, 1896, and awarding the two first mentioned races to 'Nelly II,' and the last mentioned race to 'Free Lance.' Under rule 81 of the rules of racing, Mr. J. C. Galstaun is warned off the Calcutta course and other places where the Calcutta rules are in force.

Under rule 82, the pony 'Queenie' is perpetually disqualified for all races."

As a result of this warning off I filed a suit in the High Court against the Club, and applied for an injunction to restrain the execution of the Stewards' decision.

My application for an injunction was postponed, the court holding that the application and the case would best be thrashed out together.

In the meantime, Mr. E. H. Cowie, of Sanderson and Co., acting on behalf of the Club, approached me and informed me that the whole matter could, and would be settled, provided, I withdrew my suit.

Acting on his word I arranged for my suit to be withdrawn before hearing. I waited for the promised settlement of the matter, but nothing happened, and it was not till the 28th February, 1900, that the following notice appeared in the racing calendar :

"The notice in connection with the 'Queenie' case, which appeared in the racing calendar, No. 43, of 10th. December, 1896, is now withdrawn."

So, 'Queenie' and I could, and did, race again.

In 1908, an Insurance Policy of mine fell in, and whilst pulling it out of its cover to surrender it to the company, a letter, or what looked like a letter, came out of the envelope with the policy. It turned out to be the document which Mr. Stephen had sent me, and which I could not find when required, namely the manuscript copy of the fatal Dacca race prospectus.

Realising that now my evidence was at hand, I wrote the following letter to the Stewards of the C. T. C.

The Stewards,  
The Calcutta Turf Club,  
Calcutta.

Calcutta,  
13th. July, 1908.

Gentlemen,

After nearly twelve years I invite reconsideration of a decision at which you arrived regarding the entry of my mare 'Queenie' at the Dacca races in 1896.

That mare was my property but was made over by me to Mr. Stephen on racing terms. The races in which she was entered contained a condition that the horses entered should be the *bona fide* property of the residents of Dacca and other districts. Mr. Stephen having entered the mare as his property a complaint was made against me after his death to the effect that I had advised him to enter the mare in the races in question and must have done so in violation of what I must have known to be the conditions of the races. My answer was that I did not know what the conditions of the races in question were. That I had had sent down to me merely a manuscript copy of the programme of the races and in this copy the conditions of the races were not mentioned.

This answer the Stewards felt unable to accept as they did not believe Mr. Stephen would have taken the trouble of making a manuscript copy of the programme when he could easily have obtained a number of printed copies. I was asked to produce the manuscript copy of the programme, but at the time, and for long after, I was unfortunately unable to find it. I mentioned that I was certain it was with some of my papers and could not trace it, the result being that I was warned off the Turf and the mare was disqualified. I then filed a suit in the High Court against the Club and applied for an injunction to restrain the execution of the Stewards' decision. My application was unsuccessful, and Mr. E. H. Cowie acted

for the Club and he arranged for the withdrawal of my suit.

Three years later, the Stewards withdrew the disqualification against the mare and I was reinstated.

I have now been able to recover the manuscript copy programme the loss of which cost me so much. I came across it when destroying some old papers and I have been told that although such a length of time has elapsed I should, in justice to myself, ask that the slur that was cast upon me by your decision should be removed.

I believe I am correct in stating that but for my inability to produce this copy programme the Stewards' decision would not have been unfavourable to me. Now that I am able to supply the necessary evidence, I ask that that measure of justice should be dealt out to me which I verily believe would have been the case twelve years ago.

I enclose the manuscript copy of the programme to which I refer and I invite you to make an independent enquiry as to the handwriting of this copy. The letter enclosing the programme to me is in your possession and I believe the character of the handwriting of the copy is the same as that of Mr. Stephen's letter. I declare it to be the very same document which I received from Mr. Stephen as an enclosure to the letter which is now in your possession.

Should you, after this, be convinced, I ask that a proper entry be made in your records to the effect that you have been satisfied as to the sufficiency of my answer to the complaint made against me and make such amends as you may in the circumstances consider fit and reasonable.

It is naturally a matter of great concern to me to secure the alteration of an unfavourable decision reflecting on my character.

Yours faithfully,  
J. C. Galstaun.

On the 15th July, the Secretary C. T. C. replied to my letter as follows :—

J. C. Galstaun Esq.,  
1, Sukeas Lane,  
Calcutta.

Dear Sir,

With reference to your letter of the 13th instant with accompanying copy of prospectus in writing of Dacca races, I am directed by my Stewards to say that they regret they cannot re-open the question of your disqualification twelve years ago but your letter has been noted and filed with the other papers.

Yours faithfully,  
J. Hutchison  
Secy., C. T. C.

I have set forth nothing but the bare facts of the case and leave it to my readers to form their own opinion of the so called justice meted out to me.

All I need say in my own defence is that to-day such a decision could not be arrived at. In the first place, the lessee of a race-horse on racing terms would be responsible for all his own acts in connection with the racing of the leased horse, the lessor merely collecting a proportion of winnings according to the terms of the lease.

The disqualification of 'Queenie' is, or may be, understandable, but my disqualification for the action of Mr. Stephen, I felt, was unjustifiable. I had no bet on the mare and had not

even received my share of the stakes. Furthermore, the whole matter had been taken up not at the time, but about nine months after the races concerned, and even after the death of Mr. Stephen, which made it difficult for me to establish my innocence in the matter.

Writing forty-five years after the event, I still feel that the action of the C. T. C. was arbitrary and unjust, but judgment will be delivered by all who read this book and I am satisfied that I have had the opportunity of placing the actual facts of the case before the Calcutta Racing public.





## CHAPTER V

### DULL YEARS

AS a result of the 'Queenie' episode, I was unable to race, but I had already had my eye on a horse, imported from Australia, named 'Courallie.' As it was useless my buying it, I induced a friend of mine—and my solicitor at that time—Mr. Gal Gregory, to buy the horse and to start racing. He was a quiet, unassuming man, and anything but a gambler, and it took much persuasion to get him into the game. Once in, however, his progress was swift. He started off with 'Courallie' and finished up with a string of fifteen.

I remember 'Courallie' especially, as, in my opinion, he was the best horse that had so far left the shores of Australia, and he was cheap at the price paid for him at Cook's auction, namely Rs. 16,000/-. He ran second in the Melbourne Cup before leaving Australia.

In the season 1896-97, starting off in Lucknow, he won a two-horse race of a mile by thirty lengths. His following eight runs were in Calcutta, where he won four times, was second twice, and twice third. He then went back to Lucknow, where he won the Stewards' Cup and finished up at Bombay with the

Bombay Gold Cup worth Rs. 10,000/- as well as the Harris Stakes.

Twelve outings in all, eight firsts, including the Trial Stakes and the Dharbanga Cup, besides two small races on the same afternoon, and at distances varying from five furlongs to a mile and three quarters.

His two seconds were in the Viceroy's Cup and Metropolitan, and his thirds, in the December Stakes and Cooch Behar Cup. The Cup that year was won by 'Sprightly' for the second time.

In 1897, the Stakes for the Viceroy's Cup were increased to Rs. 15,000/- and 'Leonidas' annexed that Cup, the Cooch Behar Cup, and the Turf Club Cup, which had replaced the Dharbanga Cup.

The 1898 season saw a successful invasion from Malaya, 'Vanitas' winning both the Trials and the Viceroy's Cup. The race for the Cup that year caused a bit of a sensation. The Aga Khan had a likely candidate in 'Keenan.' It was an American bred horse and suffered much from foot trouble. Prior to the race, 'Keenan' was given an injection of cocaine which had so stimulating an effect on the horse that, as he walked out of the paddock, he bolted across the track on to the training track and round the Course before he could be pulled up by Ebrahim, his jockey. He, however, came under the starter's orders and finished second to

'Vanitas.' What would have been the result, had he not bolted before the race, is not difficult to imagine. Treating horses with stimulants and injections before a race was not prohibited in those days, and it was only fairly recently that a ban was placed on 'doping.' It was then quite a common occurrence to hear the 'pop' of a bottle of champagne being opened in the paddock when a likely candidate was given a 'wee deoch' just before the event in which he was competing; and I know of one trainer who invariably poured himself out a glass before administering the rest of the bottle to his charge. 'Matalgia,' who won me several races, was fond of Port Wine, and half a bottle was given to him every time he ran.

I had a similar experience with a mare of my own, named 'Swirl.' She had won four races on end in England. In India, however, we could do nothing with her, and, as often as not, she finished at the tail end of the field. I called in Mr. Ashton Smith, one of our best Veterinary Surgeons at the time, and his diagnosis was that the mare had been accustomed to the needle and that to get her to race we would have to give her an injection. When Ashton Smith came to give the injection, 'Swirl,' seeing the needle in his hand, proceeded to kick the stable down and would not allow anyone to approach her. She would not even allow herself to be plated. So, we left her till

the day of the race, when Ashton Smith came round about three hours before the race, blindfolded her and then used the needle. She won that day, all right, and helped me to get back some of my losses, but she did nothing more, and, shortly after, died of fever in Bangalore.

The following season saw the C. T. C. and W. I. T. C. sink all their past differences and the adoption of one set of rules. Prior to this, some jockeys, who had lost their licences in Calcutta, were still riding under W. I. T. C. rules. When the new rules came in, the C.T.C. renewed their licenses as a gesture that in future the two Clubs would work together in co-operation.

The new rules and the harmony that now existed between the C. T. C. and the W.I.T.C., were due entirely to the efforts of Sir W. Macpherson, a Judge of the Calcutta High Court, and, for many years, a Steward of the C. T. C. On his retirement from India, the Turf Club Cup was renamed the Macpherson Cup, and a presentation to Lady Macpherson was contemplated by the Club but was refused sanction by the Government of India.

'Cherry' won the Trial Stakes, Viceroy's Cup and Cooch Behar Cup that season, and, by the end of February, 1900, the C. T. C. withdrew the ban on 'Queenie' and myself.

I started building up a stable without delay, and, by the Monsoons of 1900, I had five horses

in training—'Radiant,' 'Eunice,' 'Swirl,' old 'Queenie,' and 'King-at-arms.' 'Queenie' had grown too old for real racing and the others didn't do much. 'King-at-arms' had come up from Ceylon very lame and I bought him cheap. I sent for Adams, the Veterinary Surgeon, who diagnosed the case as incurable and declared he would not do even as a hack. However, I took him in hand myself, persevered with him, and got him right. One morning I rode him down to the race-course and showed him to Adams. I told him I had ridden him down from the house and that he was quite sound. He laughed and said that he would not get back sound. I trained him myself on the Ballygunge *maidan* and raced him in the Monsoons.

In his first three outings, he just galloped at the tail end of the field, as his legs were still a bit groggy, but at his fourth attempt he made a voluntary effort and ran third in a selling plate, and, later, second. I rode him right through that Monsoon and knew that his legs had strengthened, so I waited till the Winter Meeting and entered him in the Calcutta Stakes on Cup day. He was handicapped 6.1. I asked Alf. Hoyt to ride, but Adams had warned him that the horse had bad legs and might fall, so Hoyt cried off. That evening, Aga S. Shaw, a nephew of H. H. the Aga Khan, came over and agreed to let me have the services of his Indian jockey Kamad. Mr. Apar's 'Henry' was an odds on favourite for the race, while mine was

available at twenty to one, and I had one bet of Rs. 20,000/- to Rs. 1,000/-. Kamad got him off well and he was never headed, and the lameness, which Adams said would be permanent, never troubled him again.

As soon as I resumed racing, I took out a licence under the new rules to ride on even terms with jockeys. We had about thirty G. R.'s riding then, and I did most of my own riding both in races and in gallops.

'King-at-arms' success gave me hopes and I decided to go in for racing in earnest, but it takes time to build up a good stable and one has to be patient.

My first step was to pick up 'Not Yet' from the Patiala stable. She had won two Civil Service Cups for Patiala, and won me ten races in all, as well as a match for Rs. 7,500/-.

I then thought I'd buy a jumper and went to Dr. Spooner Hart and asked him if he had a horse which could jump as I wanted him for Tolly. "I have the very thing," said Hart, "Jump! Why, he'll jump a house!" He was a likely looking animal, so I bought him and took him out to Tolly, where he ran clean through the first fence, giving me a nasty fall. I went back to Hart and told him that so far from jumping a house he did not even rise at the fence. "Oh, he'll jump a house, all right," said Hart, "only you've got to teach him." Realising that the joke was on me I left him,

deciding to try out horses in future before actual purchase. Owners as well as horses have a lot to learn.

It was Spooner Hart, who, on another occasion, when asked his opinion of a possible purchase, replied: "I don't like 'im, Mr. Galstaun, I don't like 'im, neither 'is 'ocks, nor 'is arse, nor anythin' that is 'is."

The Viceroy's Cup that year was a bit of an upset. Betting, as usual, had started months before, and a clever Syndicate got to work early on a "Book" and were on most of the horses at nourishing odds, and, even if the favourite won, they stood to win about Rs. 25,000/- on the race. Jack Scott, had, however, made a final entry for the race, and this one, 'Upguards,' was available at fifty to one. It was one of Scott's really dark things. Not having shewn up at Bangalore, or in the Trials, the Syndicate decided to leave it alone. One or two careful ones, however, suggested fifty thousand to a thousand as a saver, but the man operating was against wasting a thousand good rupees. When its price quietly contracted to twenty-five to one, it was again suggested that twenty-five thousand to a thousand would be an insurance rather than a gamble, but the horse was left alone and the Syndicate stood to win anything from Rs. 25,000/- to Rs. 75,000/- except, if 'Upguards' won. Of course, 'Upguards' did win, two lengths from 'Tubalcain' and the

tote paid Rs. 418/-. The Syndicate went in search of their operator and when they found him he was already hysterical and in tears, so they left it at that. 'Upguards' shewed his fine staying qualities by winning the Macpherson Cup later; and Apar's new horse, 'Stand Off,' took the Cooch Behar Cup, a race for which he shewed peculiar affection as he annexed it three years in succession.

In the following season 'Stand Off' won both the Trial Stakes as well as the Cooch Behar Cup, and 'Tubalcain' made amends for his previous defeat by winning the Viceroy's Cup.

My own stable, however, had not been doing so well. I now had a string of ten, but most of them proved failures, though I did get a win out of 'Bencher,' 'Mulwalla' and 'Vanguard,' while 'Not Yet,' running against much bigger ponies, was placed on several occasions. The season, however, was dull and uninteresting, and looking back on it, I regard it as the dark hour before the dawn, for, in the following year, I won the Viceroy's Cup for the first time.



## CHAPTER VI

### 'VASTO'

OF great importance to Calcutta racing was the season 1902-3. There arrived here from Australia one Barney Allen, a dealer, who raced his own horses, but mainly with an eye to a good sale. With him came his trainer, Lynch, with about twenty horses, a bookmaker, Saul Green, and two jockeys, Thomas and Murphy, the latter a light-weight. These two boys came with the very latest American 'crouch seat.' In fact, Murphy's 'seat' was so exaggerated that when he flashed past the winning post his head lay snug along the horse's neck ; and in the distance, his mount very often appeared to be riderless. Our boys sat bolt upright, with a full, long stirrup. They altered that the following year, and, though they never adopted the exaggerated 'Murphy seat,' they shortened their stirrup leathers considerably. It was a revolution in riding ; and, in this respect, what Todd Sloan had done in England, Murphy did in Calcutta.

Allen's best horse was a brown mare, named 'Cretonne,' wherewith he hoped to win the Cup. I had, in the meantime, imported a horse, named 'Vasto'—a 'maiden colt.' He had been purchased for me by Mr. Allison, of the International

Horse Agency, and was American bred. Allison wrote and told me that 'Vasto' was a good horse, and I would find him an easy one to train, and that he preferred a distance. He also warned me in his letter not to pay too much attention to his private gallops as I would find him better in a race.

He landed late, about August, and was trained by Fordham. A specially large box had been built for him for the voyage so that he would be loose and free. Fordham was in his stall ten or twelve times a day, and watched over the animal as a mother cares for her child. I ran 'Vasto' in the Maiden Horse Stakes, which he won comfortably, with Hoyt up. He was also entered for the Trial Stakes and the Viceroy's Cup. To-day, of course, he would not have been permitted to race in both the major events, as, most probably, he would have been in Class III, but, thank heaven, there was no classification in those days.

Barney Allen had entered 'Hoop Iron' and 'Dandy' for the Cup. 'Cretonne' came in only as a final entry—just a bit of Barney's bluff. Aparcar had three candidates 'Stand Off,' 'Security' and 'Goldsmith,' all of which had won big races the previous season, while 'Tubalcain,' the previous year's winner, the Koer Sahib of Patiala's 'Record Reign,' and Dr. Spooner Hart's 'Acetine,' were all considered live candidates.

About ten days before the Cup, I arranged

with Allen for a trial with 'Cretonne,' and a sprinter to bring him along. The gallop took place before a stand full of people sitting over their coffee and muffins, and 'Cretonne' beat 'Vasto' by twenty lengths. After the gallop, Apcar sent a message to me suggesting the withdrawal of my horse from the Cup as it would be a disgrace to run a horse of that description in a race like the Viceroy's Cup. But I had Allison's letter in my pocket, so I said nothing, determined to have a crack at Apcar's three candidates. I gave 'Vasto' a run in the Trials a week after the gallop, and he ran a poor fourth to 'Record Reign,' 'Tubalcain' and 'Stand Off,' but when Hoyt came in after the race, he whispered to me: "I'll win the Cup for you, sir." I no longer waited, but rushed off to the ring where they had made 'Record Reign' favourite, with 'Upguards' and 'Tubalcain' next best, 'Cretonne' at eights, 'Stand Off' at tens, while mine could be had at twenty to one, freely offered.

I took ten bets of Rs. 20,000/- to Rs. 1,000/-, and one of Rs. 6,000/- to Rs. 2,000/-, a place, after which, his price dropped to tens. I told all my friends about my chances, and, on the day of the race, 'Vasto' went out at sixes. Hoyt rode a good race. He lay sixth all the way, and made his final run at the distance post, when he came away, and won comfortably from 'Cretonne' by two lengths, with 'Acetine' third.

It was my first Cup, and my subsequent excitement must be excused. I had watched the race from the (old) Grand Stand about two steps up, and when I saw 'Vasto' coming through, I did not wait for him to pass the post, but leapt over the heads of the people in front of me, and rushed to lead in my horse. From the screams I guessed that it was over the heads of some ladies that I had jumped, but no one was hurt, and all that had happened was that my hat had fallen among them.

Incidentally, the following Monday, I collected Rs. 2,06,000/- from the bookmakers.

After the race, Apcar sent me another message, only this time in a different vein. He had decided, he said, never again to condemn a horse without a fair trial, and, in his opinion, the only fair test was to race it.

Apcar won the Cooch Behar Cup with 'Stand Off' for the third time, and this seems to have been the animal's pet distance.

I now bought 'Cretonne' for £1,500 with a contingency of a further £1,000 on her first win.

When I took over the mare at this figure, I knew that there was a handicap for horses, which had never won Rs. 2,000/-, the following race day (R. C.).—This race Robinson and I looked upon as a certainty for the mare, and I hoped to have a gamble and win back what she had cost me. It had been agreed with Barney Allen

at the time of my purchase that he would not approach the bookies until I had got my bets on, but I was later warned that he would have a man in front of every board and would get the cream of the opening prices. Consequently, I followed him and took up my stand opposite Brittain's board who opened his book with 'Cretonne' at even money. Barney at once shouted, "Even thousand," and, almost simultaneously, I shouted, "Five thousand to a thousand, even thousand a place, 'Ritual.'"

Barney, hearing this, rushed to his men in front of the other boards and told them not to back the mare as I was not on the job and was backing 'Ritual.' 'Cretonne' drifted out to fours when I got a friend to back her for me, and the first bet I got was Rs. 16,000/- to Rs. 4,000/- with Saul Green, who was standing in partnership with Barney. I had a few more bets at threes and twos, and she went out at two to one. She won, a short head from 'Ritual,' so that even my bet on the latter was squared, and I paid for 'Cretonne' from my winnings. Barney was now determined to get the better of me and challenged me to a match, his 'Cissy J' against my 'Not Yet' (14.1). I accepted the challenge, Rs. 7,500/- a side. Barney declared that my pony was more than 14.1, though she had a life certificate. Anyway, I agreed to have the ponies measured on the evening before the race, and to race him weight for inches. Robinson tried hard to get the side bet raised to

Rs. 10,000/- as he thought we were on a good thing, but he failed.

'Not Yet' had a peculiar action, and, when walking, you thought her lame. Seeing her thus walking round the paddock, Barney came up and told me that it was a shame to race a lame pony and even then I could cry off, by paying a forfeit of Rs. 2,500/-.

They raced, 'Not Yet' 10.4, 'Cissy J' 8.8, and ours beat Barney's horse by four lengths, and, after the match, Barney came up to me and asked me to accept his mare in place of the side bet, and that even was arranged, though 'Cissy J' was probably not worth half that money.

By this time, Barney Allen must have lost a lot of money, and his horses were, obviously, for sale. I offered him Rs. 7,000/- for 'Hoop Iron,' which he at first refused, but, later, he accepted. I sent the horse to Bombay where he won the Byculla Cup for me. With 'Hoop Iron' I sent 'Not Yet,' both in charge of Tom Scott. A lady friend, in Bombay, wrote to me asking me to write to my trainer to let her know when he thought my horses had a chance of winning, which I gladly agreed to do, and did.

One day, the lady went up to Tom Scott and asked if he had anything to tell her, and he said, "'Not Yet' "—so, she sat awhile under the tree, and when the horses were going out, she again asked and he replied—this time rather gruffly: "'Not Yet!'" She thought he was angry, but

when 'Not Yet' won at six to one, the lady was sorry she had not looked more carefully at her programme, where she would have found 'Not Yet' very much of a live candidate and owned by me.

Tom Scott was even more "canny" than his cousin Jack, and it took a clever man to get the better of him. But I saw him rather badly "had" one day.

We were together in Poona, where he was training some of my horses, and, one morning, we went out to 'time' a special gallop. We got to the track at noon and there, to our horror, we spotted an Arab 'tout.' "That spoils things," said I to Tom. "Oh, don't worry," said Tom, "I'll settle him, all right," and, on that, he walked up to the tout and said that we were going to time a gallop but he had just discovered that we had left our watch at home. Could he lend us his? "Certainly," said the tout and forthwith produced a watch which he handed to Scott, whereupon Tom strolled back to me with the watch, and the gallop proceeded. Tom timed the gallop with both watches, allowing the tout's watch to run for an extra three seconds.

We then walked back and Tom handed the watch back to the tout, saying: "Rather disappointing: six furlongs in 1.17." "Oh, no," said the tout, "I make it 1.14," and produced two more watches from his pocket, one showing,

1 minute 14 seconds, and another, 1 minute 14-1/5 seconds.

I said nothing but chuckled inwardly. As I said before, it took a lot to get the better of Tom Scott but that tout deserved to have a good win on our 'dark horse.' Meanwhile, I had picked up a few more of Barney Allen's horses and my string was a pretty formidable one.

Allen, with the remainder of his string, went off to Lucknow, where he won a couple of small races but on the whole he had a rotten season, and that is the last we saw of him, his trainer, and two jockeys. Ames, who had come out at the same time, but was riding free-lance, stayed on, and rode in Calcutta for many seasons.

In the Monsoons of 1903, a friend of mine, Mr. Creet, had a mare, called 'Gassima,' running in a race in which I had 'Loch Maree.' We had tried out 'Gassima' pretty thoroughly and hoped to have a good win. I had given Creet my stable jockey for the race, and I was to ride 'Loch Maree.'

The evening before the race, as I was driving home from work, I saw my trap and pony standing by the kerb, outside the Great Eastern Hotel. My jockey had my permission to use my trap and pony, but wondering what he was doing at the Great Eastern Hotel at that hour, I went into the lounge and saw one of the bookmakers, with his arm around my jockey's



shoulders, in deep conversation. My suspicions were aroused and it was the first time in my racing career that I had reason to suspect a jockey of mine. I spoke to Creet who became a bit anxious, but I told him not to worry and to leave the matter to me to see through.

When the betting opened for the race, 'Gassima' was two to one, on all boards, but that particular bookmaker had it at four to one. I told Creet to go and back her, and, between us, we had Rs. 4,000/- to Rs. 1,000/- four times. I then went into the paddock and spoke to Mr. Paris, the senior Steward, and told him of my suspicions, and explained that I wanted to ride the horse myself. The necessary permission was given, the jockey's name was pulled down from the board, my name was put up as the rider of 'Gassima,' and the stable jockey was put on to 'Loch Maree.' He protested on the ground that Creet had engaged him to ride 'Gassima,' but the protest was overruled by the Stewards and we went out for the race.

It was a gruelling race but I brought 'Gassima' home by a short head from 'Oom Paul' ridden by my friend, Dudley Parsons, who raced and rode under the name of Mr. Dudley. It was a near thing, but we had spotted the trouble in time, and though 'Gassima's' S. P. was two to one, she paid Rs. 74/- on the tote.

A while later, at the same meeting, I had

'Springlock' in a race with 10.9. In those days, I scaled 7.7 without wasting. I felt pretty sure of 'Springlock,' and had backed it Rs. 5,000/- each way, at two's, and, two to one on, a place.

When I got into the scale, I could not collect enough lead to get 10.9, and Smallman asked me to give him the ride. In disgust, I took off my jacket and handed it to him. Mr. Rees, seeing my disappointment at not being able to ride, asked me if I'd care for the mount on his horse, 'Oom Paul.' So, I took 7 lbs. of lead and went to scale at 8 stone, rode 'Oom Paul,' and won the race, beating my own horse by half a length.

Rees' gain was the stake of Rs. 750/-, while my loss was Rs. 2,500/-, though I did get a rousing cheer from the ring on returning to scale.

Ever had a cheer from the ring? It sounds good at the time, but don't go in search of it, as it generally means that you have lost much good money.

And what of old 'Vasto'?

On the way to Bangalore, he caught a ~~chill~~ <sup>thrill</sup>, and, thereafter, he was never the same horse, and the following year he ran last in the Cup. Though I have owned better horses, I doubt whether any I have had has given me the same thrill as I got out of 'Vasto' and my first Viceroy's Cup.

## CHAPTER VII

### JIMMY ROBINSON

WHEN I heard of Jimmy's death last year, it was with deep regret, and I felt the loss in one who had proved himself not only an able jockey, but, above all, essentially a friend.

Jimmy was one of my best and oldest friends, and it is as such that I shall always remember him.

Were I to say that Jimmy was a better jockey than a friend, I should sound paradoxical, nor yet would I be just; nevertheless, it was his knowledge and understanding of horses which made heavy gambling possible for me. Most of our secret gallops Jimmy and I did together; all the big betting coups were arranged and brought off with his knowledge and co-operation; and, time and again, he discovered hidden merits in horses in my stable of which even my trainers knew nothing. He was, too, beyond question, the best judge of pace that I have come across. Incidentally, the highest gift a jockey can possess. When Jimmy came back after a race and said that he had 7 lbs. in hand, I knew that he must have had just that much in hand—nothing more, nothing less; and, of an occasion, when he got home by a short head, and came and whispered to me, "A stone in

hand, sir !” I knew the next outing would, as it invariably did, prove the truth of his statement and the deadly accuracy of his judgement in gauging a close finish.

There were occasions when he left his finishing run till too late, and though I paid out, I looked happy, for I knew it was only money lent and that I would with his help get it back in the near future. I can honestly say, that in the twelve years that he rode as my stable jockey, we worked in perfect harmony, and when, in 1912, he left me to train for Mr. Goculdas, my loss was the latter’s gain.

The last win Jimmy had for me, was in the spring of 1912, in Lucknow, when he brought ‘Naughty Boy’ home in the Jehangirabad Plate, after which he went across to Bombay, where he took over Mr. Goculdas’ string. You have only to look up the racing records for the next fifteen years after that to realise that his success as a trainer equalled that of his as a jockey.

He had been riding for Apcar right up to the season 1902-3, though, whenever he got a chance, he rode for me, but it was in the winter of 1903 that he definitely came across to me as my stable jockey, and this did not improve existing relations between Apcar and myself. Just before Jimmy came to me as my stable jockey, ‘Cretonne,’ Lansdowne up, had dead-heated with ‘Upguards’ in a race (R. C.). On his way to weigh in, Jimmy, who was on one

of Aparcar's horses, said to me : "Run it off, sir, and I'll ride for you." To which, I am afraid I agreed in the excitement of the moment, and the run off was arranged for after the last race of the day, when 'Upguards,' the better stayer, beat 'Cretonne,' inspite of Jimmy's noble efforts. It also led to a certain amount of friction between Lansdowne and Jimmy. There was, however, no thought in Jimmy's mind to deprive Lansdowne of a mount to which he was entitled, but, rather, an earnest desire to help me even before he was under a retainer.

We started off poorly, picking up about eleven small races ; but, in Bombay, 'Cretonne' made amends by winning the Grand Western Handicap.

That year the Viceroy's Cup was won by Aparcar's new importation, 'Great Scot,' while I took the second and third prizes with 'Cretonne' and 'Hoop Iron' respectively. Old 'Vasto,' as I have already mentioned, ran absolutely last.

O. M. D. Bell now came on the scene, and the Bell Brand became popular on the race-course. His ponies were definitely better than the lot we had, and certainly 'Clarrie Bell' owed me nothing when she had finished with racing. It was much later, however, that I had much to do with Ossie Bell, as it was to his care that I entrusted my horses when I raced in England.

In 1904, I brought out 'Pure Gold.' This

one was at once my joy and the sad disappointment of my racing career. Bred in the blue, by 'Bend Or,' I picked him up at Sir Maples' Sale, in December, 1903. He was then gelded, and he landed here early in 1904, as a maiden. He took to this country, shewed good form, and on him I built my hopes. One morning we had a great gallop, 'Hoop Iron' and 'Cretonne' with Robinson on 'Dulcimer' to bring us home the last six furlongs of a mile and three quarter gallop. I was on 'Pure Gold.' We left 'Hoop Iron' and 'Cretonne' at the half-mile post, and I beat 'Dulcimer' over the last bit. Jimmy was astonished, and shouted to me to ease up as we approached the  $1\frac{1}{4}$  mile post, which I did, but not before clocking  $2.49\frac{1}{2}$  for the R. C. This looked good enough for the double, so, I backed him for the Trial Stakes from 35 to 1 down to 10 to 1. Fortunately, the trial had taken place in a heavy mist, and few, if any, got the real hang of the gallop. Besides, 'Pure Gold' was a maiden and no one would believe that he would win either of the classics. I also took some big bets on the Viceroy's Cup and the double.

On the afternoon of the gallop, however, my trainer came up to me and almost demanded of me the first bet I had taken, namely Rs. 35,000/- to Rs. 1,000/- for the Trials. I told him I could not give him this, but offered him Rs. 1,000/- to the average odds I had obtained which he refused. I was not too happy about

the position, but there was nothing for me to do but to wait and see. By the time the Trials came round, the animal had quite gone off his food, and looked dull and lethargic. We ran him, and, though he won, it was only by a neck that he scrambled home, and I knew that all my bets on the Viceroy's Cup and the double were down the drain. He ran in the Cup, but failed miserably, not finding a place on the board, the race being again won by 'Great Scot.'

I got 'Pure Gold' right again, and he won me four more races : one was a miserable consolation plate in the Monsoons of 1907 ; two others were Selling Plates, in the Winter of the same year ; and, finally, the Lansdowne Plate. Rather a come down for a prospective champion, was n't it.

We had some good fun with a horse called 'Killevan.' My cousin, S. T. Creet, bought him in Ireland and took him across to England and entered him in the Stewards' Cup. Pickering, his trainer, gave him a good chance on his home gallops, so, Creet commissioned Harry Slowburn to back him £900 a win, and £100 a place. We averaged 45 to 1, and £1,000 to £100 for place. He got beaten a head by a horse, called 'Malayre,' which a German crowd had especially brought over to gamble on in another race, and so we just missed collecting £40,000.

We brought 'Killevan' to Calcutta and he won several races for us. We took him to

Bombay, where a few friends had joined me. We had all had a pretty thin time there and Jimmy had told me he would do his damndest to enable us to get back our losses. He advised me to back him, so I started at fifteens and finished at fives. One of Goculdas' horses was a red hot favourite. It was a 6f. race with flag start. You will perhaps remember what the newspapers had to say of Jimmy being severely handicapped when the starting gate came into operation about ten years earlier. Well, here we were—back to the good old days—and we felt that Jimmy would be in his element, and, true enough, on the fall of the flag, 'Killevan' had a clear break, and, after going a furlong, he was five lengths ahead of Goculdas' candidate. After five furlongs, however, he was only half a length ahead, but Jimmy kept him going, and the pair flashed past the post locked together. I had closed my eyes, and when I opened them, it was to see 'Killevan's' number go up, and, once again, I was thankful for Jimmy having pulled us out of the rut.

'Dalkeith,' owned by Farquarson, won the Trials that year, and I bought a half share in the horse after the race. Farquarson and I won the King's Plate with him later on. Spooner Hart's 'Long Tom' had beaten 'Great Scot' in the Viceroy's Cup, thus depriving that great galloper of the honour and glory of annexing three Viceroy's Cups.

'Saloon' had also appeared on the scene, and



this country-bred was the only one of its kind to win one of the classics when it won the Trials the following year. I had been commissioned by the stable to back him, and averaged twenty to one, and handed the connections a big cheque after the race.

Towards the end of this season, Jimmy made a startling discovery. I had a mare, called 'Dulcimer,' which was a flier over 5 and 6 furs. I was astonished, when, one day, Jimmy suggested entering her for the Kidderpore Plate of a mile and a quarter. One moonlight night, we had a trial, on level weights, with a horse, named 'Bundook,' which had won three good races of a mile and over with big weights. Jimmy was on 'Bundook,' while I rode 'Dulcimer.' I could not hold 'Dulcimer' back to 'Bundook,' and she won the trial easily. When we got back, Jimmy begged of me to keep the trial dark and to go and have a good win. 'Dulcimer' was given 8.9 in the race, whereas in a six-furlong sprint race he would most probably have been set to carry 10st. Mr. Austin and Col. Beaver, jointly, had 'Galley Slave' in the race, and it was favourite at twos, while mine could be had at tens for the asking. Beaver and Owen were backing theirs rather heavily when I approached them and begged them to have a good hedge bet on my horse. Austin would not do so on any account, but Col. Beaver asked me why I was so confident of 'Dulcimer' winning, to which I replied by asking him if he would not back

'Bundook' at the same weight if he were in the race. He, thereupon, had a fair bet on my horse, and won on the race instead of losing. He was very grateful thereafter, and always told me of anything he had which he really fancied. That stable secret was well kept as were most of our 'good things.' In fact, it was Jimmy who was always chiding me in giving away so much of our stable information when with a little more reticence we could make so much more out of it.

Meanwhile, O. M. D. Bell had picked up a good one for me in 'Our State' in Australia. Jimmy had already won on it at its first outing with 10.10, but it took us the rest of the year to discover that he stopped dead once he found himself at the front. However, having paid for our experience, we took him to Poona, where he was in the Stand Plate with 7.6. Jimmy, of course could not get the weight, but he had arranged with Melsom to ride him for me. All who remember Melsom know that he had only one way of riding a race, and that was to streak out to the front and leave the rest to make up ground up the finishing straight if they could.

This, however, would not do for 'Our State,' so, Jimmy spent a whole week dinning it into Melsom's head that he just had to stay behind and not move on the horse until he reached the distance post when he was to make his run. Ridden this way, we did not think 'Our State' could be beaten. The first bet I had was with

Beatty who offered me Rs. 12,000/- to Rs. 2,000/-. Challenged to take it again, I accepted, and had it four times in all, and went on to the stand with a friend to watch the race.

Melsom had certainly taken in all Jimmy's advice, and at the distance post, when he was still last, I thought he was overdoing it and had gone to sleep on the horse. I put down my glasses, giving the race up for lost, and transferred my attention to the horse in front who seemed to be going easy. Just then, my friend nudged me and said, "Look !" and, in a flash, 'Our State' had passed all but the leader, and him he overtook just past the stands and won comfortably by a length.

The following year, I put him over the jumps in Poona, where, with A. Ferguson up, he jumped the last flight but edged on to the rails, fell, and broke his neck.

The Calcutta season saw the amateur Mr. T. G. Evers come into the limelight. He was not only riding on even terms with jockeys but holding his own, too, with the best of them. He had practically ridden first string for J. D. Scott's stable right through the Monsoons. I, too, had done a bit in the Monsoons, but not with much success, and, as a matter of fact, Mr. Dudley Parsons had ridden more winners for me than I for myself had.

Old 'Oom Paul' had changed hands, and was now owned by Mack Owen (Mr. Rowland). I

rode him two or three times, but when he gave Mack his first win, it was with Murdison up. I was beginning to feel the weight of years, but, fortunately, could rely on Jimmy to safeguard my interests in races. Even riding in severe gallops was beginning to be a strain and I began to realise that at fifty one must go slow.

Mack Owen was a character on the race-course. He was Mr. Austin's nephew and had a thorough grounding with horses under Heywood, Austin's trainer, and had been brought up in an atmosphere of racing. He knew the pedigree of every race-horse in training and all their performances; he was, in fact, a walking racing encyclopaedia, and he was as equally popular in Darjeeling as he was in Calcutta.

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Mention of Darjeeling takes me back nearly sixty years. I first went up there in 1885. At that time, races were held on the main road, from the Chowrasta to Government House, and I remember riding in and winning several races there. Later in the nineties, the racing was transferred to Lebong, where it has been held ever since.

At first, English and Australian ponies up to 14 hands were raced, with amateur riders up, with a closed race each day for hill ponies with hill boys as jockeys. To-day, the programmes

cater mainly for hill ponies, with a couple of races each day set apart for Dacca country-breds.

At first, the racing was clean and fair, but, later, with the advent of more and more hill ponies, things got so bad that at one time book-makers refused to stand.

The management, however, have been pretty active in recent years and have taken drastic steps to clean things up. Jockeys have been suspended whenever there has been any indication of foul or unclean riding, and, sometimes, even jockeys have been changed at the last moment if there have been any reasonable suspicions in the minds of the Stewards.

There are two meetings a year—May and October—and the racing is well patronised by Calcutta sportsmen.

In the old days, the journey to Darjeeling was long and tiresome. You left Calcutta at noon. Travelled in a train for eight uncomfortable hours. Then you transported yourself and your luggage on to a large ferry boat, on which you dined, and which took you across the river in about an hour. You then entered the metre-gauge train, which rolled you into Siliguri by seven in the morning, and, from there, you crawled up to Darjeeling in the hill train, which landed you at your destination at any time between three and six in the afternoon.

To-day, you dine in Calcutta and breakfast in Darjeeling after a delightful run up the hill in a powerful car.

But we must return to Calcutta.

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'Saloon,' who had appeared the previous season, now proceeded to win the December Plate and the Trials, in which latter event he carried only 6. 10 as a 4 year old C. B. Aparcar had brought out 'Fitzgraston' to replace the mighty 'Great Scot,' and he was duly obliged, for 'Fitzgraston' won the Viceroy's Cup, 'Saloon,' the favourite, being unplaced. I, too, had some luck, as I had brought out 'Paddy's Darling' as a three-year old. She won the Calcutta Plate easily, and went on to annex the Cooch Behar Cup.

I always regret having lost 'Fitzgraston.' I had sent Jimmy Robinson to Australia to pick up a few horses for me. He was at Yules' auction, with Dr. Spooner Hart, when 'Long Tom' came into the ring with a reserve of £1,000. Robinson asked Dr. Hart to buy him for me, and that he would cable me for the money. Hart told Jimmy not to be in a hurry, and that he would have the horse brought round to his place, examine him, and, if necessary, he could then cable me.

The following morning, Robinson went to Hart's place and Hart told him that he had

examined the horse and had already bought him but that if Jimmy still wanted him for me, to cable for £1,500, out of which £250 would be for Jimmy and £250 for himself. Jimmy refused, and Hart got the horse and the Viceroy's Cup of 1905.

After that Robinson offered Hart £2,000 for 'Long Tom' but Hart wanted £2,500.

One morning, very shortly after, when I went to my office I found a cable on my table from McKenna, the horse dealer, offering me 'Fitzgraffton' for £1,800. I sent for Jimmy and shewed him the cable. He argued that this horse had still to be landed, whereas 'Long Tom' was in the country, acclimatised and doing well. Anyway, he said he would go back to Hart and tell him that if he did not accept my offer I would buy 'Fitzgraffton.' Dr. Hart then accepted my offer of £2,000 and Aparcar purchased 'Fitzgraffton.' My horse broke down, whereas 'Fitzgraffton' went on to win two Viceroy's Cups and several other big races for Aparcar.

That season, I won a race for the first and only time in my life on an objection lodged by myself. I did win a second time on an objection but I had nothing to do with it and the result came to me as a surprise.

On this occasion, we had 'Killeven' in the Kidderpore Plate, while Evans, the present Bombay trainer, was up on 'Ballark,' owned by Aparcar. As Jimmy was making his run on the

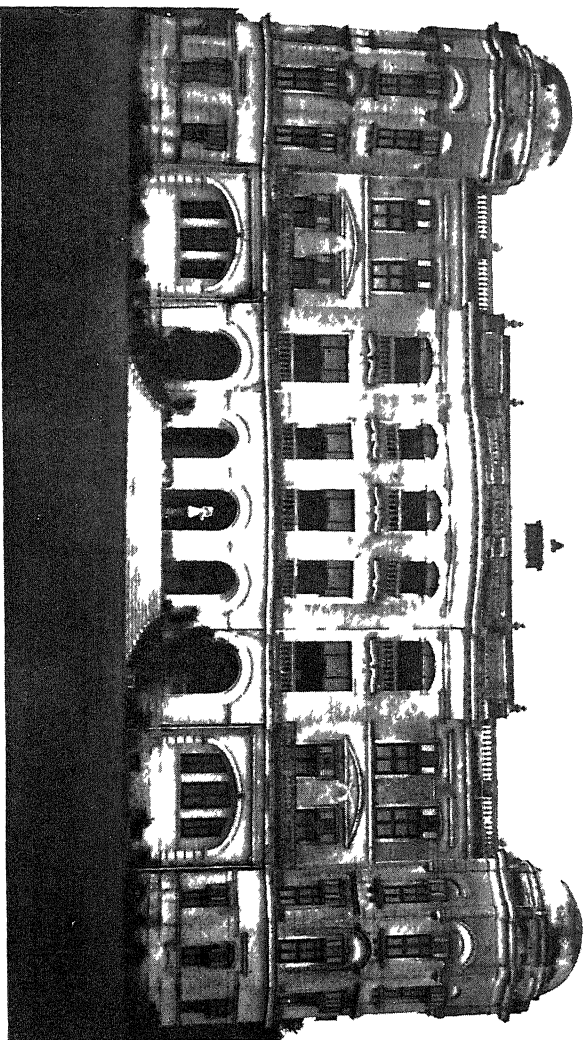
inside, Evans bored in on him. Jimmy shouted to Evans, who shouted back, "Sorry Jimmy!" but it was too late and "Ballark" got the verdict. After unsaddling, Jimmy started grumbling, and wanted me to object, but I thought it best to leave things as they were. Just then, Apcar, who was the senior Steward, came on the scene, and, hearing Jimmy grumbling, told him to "shut up." Whereupon I told Apcar that so far from shutting up my jockey was advising me to lodge an objection which I had not intended to do but now proposed doing. An enquiry was held, from which Apcar was, of course, excluded, 'Ballark' was disqualified and 'Killevan' was given the race.

In the Monsoons of 1907, Owen Owen, the broker, raced a horse named 'Lord D.' This horse had a nasty habit of shutting up as soon as he struck the front, though he raced honestly enough if he had something to give him a lead. Young Reg Elliot, still only a boy, had the mount. The Monsoon races, at that time, were run on the tan track inside the course proper. Reg, unfortunately, found himself in the lead turning into the straight and he felt the horse stopping, when, by a stroke of good fortune, a greyhound, brought into the centre of the course by a spectator, slipped his lead, raced away on to the tan track in front of 'Lord D,' who promptly followed him home, an easy winner.

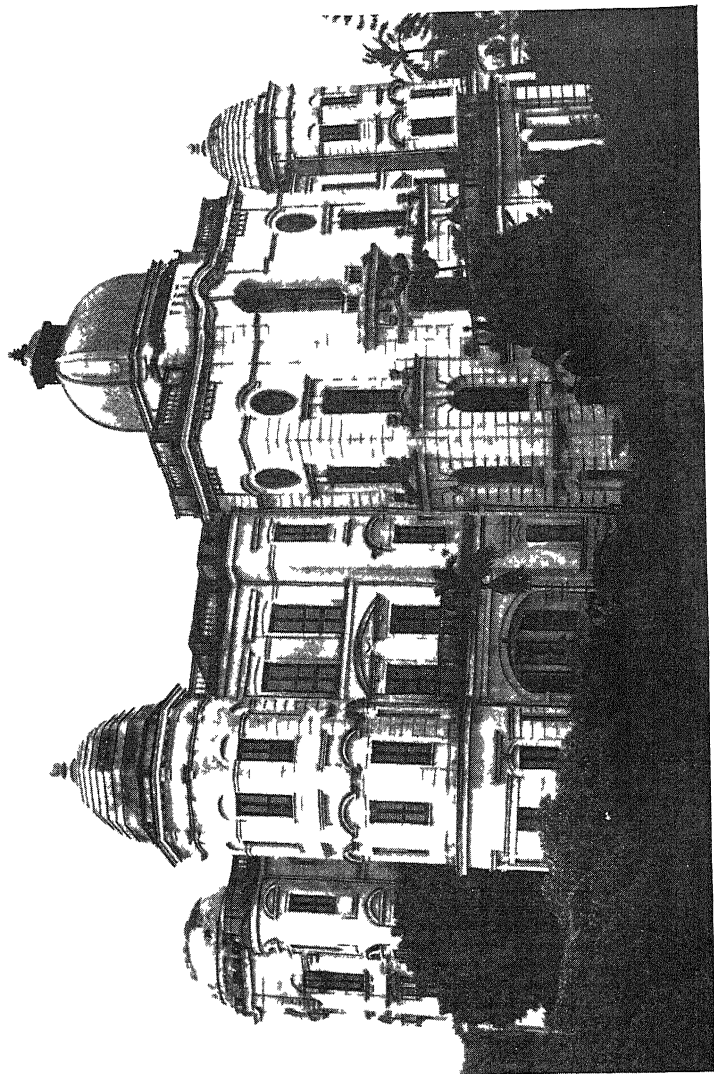
These were the good old days when Harmston,



of circus fame, still pitched his tent on the *maidan*, and a good story about Reg Elliot went round Calcutta. Though I was not present on the night in question, I have verified all the facts, and, certainly for sometime after, Reg was known as 'Elliot the Lion Tamer.' The proprietor of the circus was very popular with all connected with racing. Most of the jockeys and trainers had free passes to the show and they used to gather together in the Tent Bar several times a week. One evening, when some of the boys were there, Paddy Firth, the jockey, remarked that he would bet anyone Rs. 100/- that they would not enter the Lion's cage and drive the chariot around the arena in place of the bear that usually did the job. I expect old Paddy, and the others, too, had had a couple over the eight, but to his consternation the challenge was accepted by Reg Elliot. It was subsequently arranged with the management that the bet should take place the following night, and each party deposited Rs. 100/- with the management, and everyone was so far merry and bright. But when Paddy realised the next day in his more sober moments that his bet might cost his friend his life, he began to get a bit panicky, and, by the time evening arrived, he had worked himself up to such a pitch that he was practically on his bended knees to Reg, begging him not to go on with it, and even offered to pay forfeit if he would cry the whole thing off. But Elliot had evidently had a quiet word with those lions and



'Galstaun Park,'—South View—recently acquired by  
H E H The Nizam of Hyderabad



Galstoun Park'— North View recently acquired by  
H. E. H. The Nizam of Hyderabad

refused, and, by the time the turn came round, poor old Paddy had to get tight all over again to give him enough courage to see the act through. Reg eventually sat in the bear's seat and drove the chariot, to which two lions were attached, round the arena, but was in such a hurry to do so that the whole conveyance upset and pinned him against the bars. When he was eventually extricated, he made a dive for the door, where Paddy, in tears, was awaiting him.

That year, Apcar's 'Fitzgraston' again won the Viceroy's Cup, giving Apcar his fourth Cup in five years. 'Paddy's Darling' won the Prince of Wales' Plate for me, but, later in the season, she caused me much anxiety. I was then living at No. 11, Camac Street, though I had shifted my racing stables to Galstaun Park, which latter I had recently acquired. One morning, when the horses were returning from their work on the course, 'Paddy's Darling' broke loose and ran into the grounds of the house occupied by the Little Sisters of the Poor. When the syce went to get her out, one of the Sisters came out and said that they would not let the horse go. The matter was reported to me and I went across to see the Sister-in-Charge. Imagine my surprise, when, on asking for my horse, the Sister replied that their horse had died some days previously, that they had prayed for a horse, and that as the Lord had sent them a horse they had no intention of returning it. "The rights of property"

was certainly a point of law in my favour but the other nine seemed to rest with the Sisters. I explained that as this particular horse was a racehorse he would be of no use to them for their carriage, but it was not until I had promised to replace this horse with a suitable *gharry* horse that 'Paddy's Darling' was allowed out ; in the course of the day, I fulfilled my promise, and everyone was happy and content.

After this incident, 'Paddy's Darling' went across to Bombay, where she picked up the Grand Western Handicap.

The season 1908-9 was distinctly satisfactory as far as I was concerned. I had picked up six races at Poona, seventeen in Calcutta, and four in Bombay ; 'Tangaroa,' my new importation, 'Misty Morn' and 'Paddy's Darling' winning four big events.

The Cup was won by 'Wandin,' and that same season saw the champion pony 'Refresher,' appear on the scene for the first time, though it wasn't till the following season that he won the first of a series of seven International Pony Stakes. Nor did he win only pony races ; if I remember aright, he ran third in the Cooch Behar Cup, and, once, won the Grand Western Handicap, besides some smaller races for horses in Calcutta.

Two new champions appeared the following year : 'Mayfowl,' who has a chapter to himself, and 'Soultline.' With the coming of 'Soultline,'

I had to be content with second place with 'Tangaroa,' as 'Soultline' beat me in both the December Plate and the Trials, 'Retort' taking the Viceroy's Cup.

It was not that I was surprised by 'Soultline,' as I knew all about its home form, and though I had backed 'Tangaroa' fairly heavily, I had also hedged substantially on 'Soultline.' Unfortunately, most of my bets on 'Soultline' were with Charles Harding, and, as a result of the race, he still owed me about Rs. 30,000/-. He went on to Lucknow, where, he told me, he had made some money, and that he would be able to stand again. One night, there was a crowd playing *Esmeralda* and Harding had the Bank. There was some pretty heavy gambling going on when a young officer strolled up to the table and put down ten hundred-rupee notes on Bolter, and, for the first and only time, that night, Bolter turned up, and Harding paid out Rs. 35,000/-. The youngster pocketed his winnings, lit a cigarette, and walked away as quietly as he had come. This blow, together with his previous losses, broke Charles Harding. Nevertheless, he did stand again in Calcutta, and I remember his borrowing Rs. 2,000/- bag money from me one day.

He deliberately laid the favourite against his book and took a knock; did it again in the next race, without any better success; but he was lucky in his third venture, and won back all he had

lost in the first two races and a bit more. He paid me back the Rs. 2,000/- bag money, but the Rs. 30,000/- was never squared, and you have already read of how and why he finally severed his racing connection in Calcutta. Quite one of the most colourful personalities on the race-course, he was missed by all, inspite of his many weaknesses.

At about this time, Brittain and Coutts, the bookmakers, had joined forces, and were jointly running a book in Lucknow. I had 'Circus Girl' in a race, where, I thought, she stood a good chance ; and, on the morning of the race, I was offered Rs. 40,000/- to Rs. 10,000/- a win, and an even ten thousand a place by Brittain and Coutts. I was, however, anxious to get on a lot more, but, I knew that on registering my first bet the odds would be down to even money.

Brittain had already gone home from the race-course, but Coutts joined us at the hotel on his bicycle.

Austin—who was prepared to take a portion of the bet—and I, decided that the only way to get on a large sum was to catch Brittain and Coutts separately.

Left alone with Coutts, I again raised the question of 'Circus Girl,' and accepted his offer of Rs. 40,000/- to Rs. 10,000/-, and an even ten thousand a place ; at the same time, I instructed Austin to go and contact Brittain.

When Coutts started mounting his bicycle, I realised that he would surely catch up with Austin and we would not get the second bet on, whereupon, I pulled out my pen-knife and slashed the back tyre.

Unable to cycle over to his partner, he was forced to accept a lift from me, but it was only after a considerable lapse of time that we left the hotel.

Meanwhile, Austin had got on a similar bet with Brittain.

We did not, however, collect as 'Circus Girl' got touched off by a head that afternoon.

That year, 'Mayfowl' won the Burdwan Cup and the Grand Annual, and had eight runs on the flat, securing four brackets.

I myself won eighteen races in Poona and Calcutta, but none of the plums came my way, though Jimmy was riding as well as ever. 'Misty Morn,' however, won the Macpherson Cup; and 'Tangaroa' two fairly valuable sprint races.

The 1910-11 season gave me twenty-two races in Calcutta; but, here again, only 'Prince Rupert' won a cup, though 'Tangaroa' took two more good sprint races. At this time, rightly or wrongly, I felt that I wasn't getting a square deal at the hands of the new handicapper, Sam Griffiths. I wrote in to the Club on several occasions but got no satisfaction, so, I took the law into my own hands and entered one of my



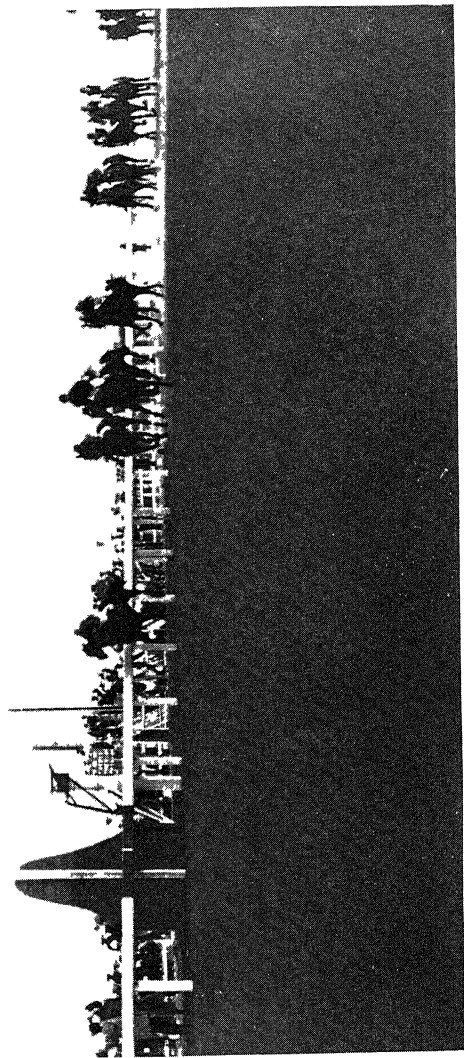
carriage horses in a race to see what handicap he would get, and had a ten-rupee bet with my trainer, Ferguson, that he would be given top weight. I collected those ten rupees ! I accepted the handicap given to the newly named 'Lord Betty' and he figured No. 1 in the programme.

Several people thought it was something I had kept up my sleeve, and one, a Mr. Norton, asked me what I thought of his chances, and I, jokingly, said that he would "trot in," on which, I think, he had a bet.

Had he, however, waited to see the horse in the paddock, he need not have lost his money, as, on 'Lord Betty's' appearance in the ring, a shout of laughter went up from the crowd. He was a big, lumbering chestnut with large hoofs, heavily shod (all properly declared). The Stewards asked me to take him out of the race, but, as I said, I felt I had a grievance and ran him. As I had told Mr. Norton, he trotted in, but not first, that position being occupied by my 'Convent Girl.' Somewhere, a couple of furlongs behind, trotted 'Lord Betty,' thankful that on this occasion there was no carriage to draw.

After the race, the Stewards had a meeting, and both Griffiths and I were asked to be present. Asked the reason for entering my carriage horse, I said that I had not been satisfied with the handicapping of my horses for sometime and that I had entered this one





Brogue'—Winning the King Emperor's Cup—Jan., 1912

just to see whether he would be fairly treated. Griffiths, apparently, had his own peculiar system of handicapping new comers. I was, indeed, surprised, when I was told that if, in future, I had a grouse to write in about it. To cut a long story short, Sam Griffiths and I got on much better together after this incident, and, in fairness to him, I must put on record what Sir Ormode Winter had to say of him in his chapter.

“Mr. Griffiths, an Australian, with a long racing experience down under, was appointed handicapper to the C. T. C., and the more owners complained of the handicap the more was it proved by actual running that Mr. Griffiths was right, which, when all is said and done, is a great feather in the cap of the handicapper.”

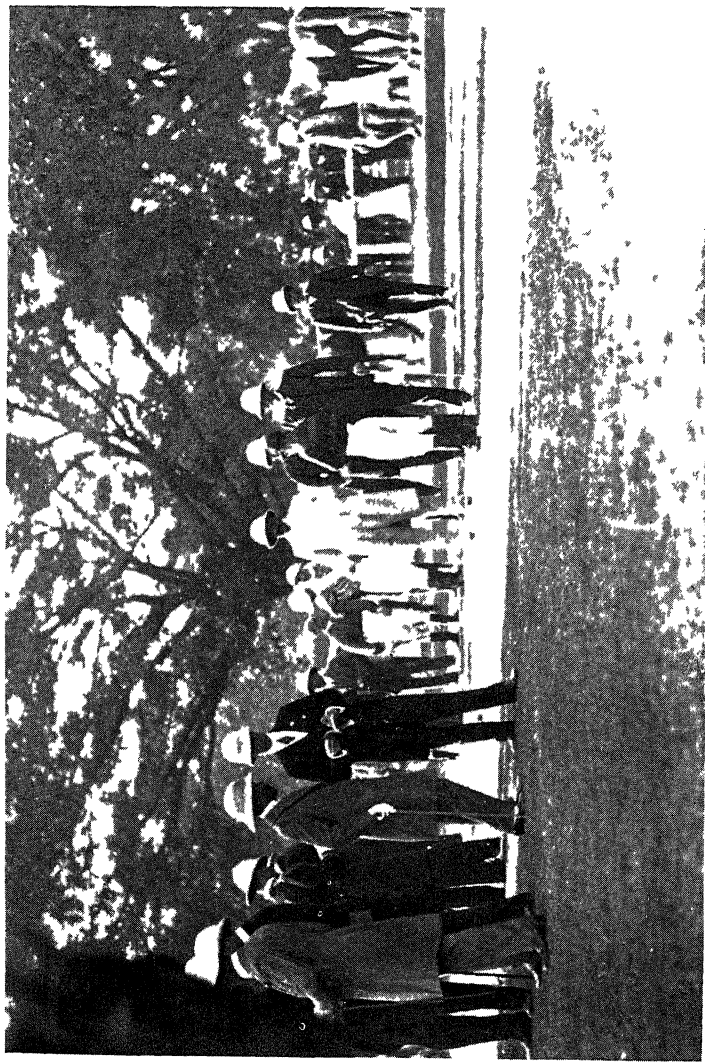
Sir Ormonde Winter tells many a good story in his chapter on Indian Racing, but he has omitted two which might bear telling. He was once called up by the Stewards, at Meerut, to state what instruction he had given his jockey, Purtoo Singh, regarding a pony he had in a race. His reply to the Stewards was: “Gentlemen, I instructed Purtoo Singh to win; and if he couldn’t win, to get second ; and if he couldn’t get second, to get third ; and if he *didn’t* get third, I’d give him a whipping, which I am now going to do,” and, with that, he got up and left the room.

On another occasion, he brought off a 'coup' when racing at Lahore. He had been having a pretty bad time when I received from him an offer for a horse of mine, called 'Gum,' provided I raced it at the next Monsoon Meeting as 'Stickfast' (late Gum), and sent it off to Lahore immediately after the race. As his offer was reasonable enough I accepted it—changed 'Gum's' name and raced it as 'Stickfast' (late Gum), and the following day sent it up to him at Lahore.

On his arrival at Lahore, he was entered as 'Stickfast' and handicapped at the Lahore races at about 8.7. Sir Ormonde rode the horse himself, won the race, and not only cleared his losses but also showed a big credit balance. A few days later, when the handicapper had read the Calcutta papers, he said that had he known 'Stickfast' was 'Gum' he would have given him twelve stone.

Mr. T. G. Evers was probably among the best ten riders in Calcutta now, and, certainly, the best of the amateurs. Jimmy was still my stable jockey, and did my riding in the early part as well as towards the end of that season, but he, too, was beginning to feel the weight of years, and it was on his suggestion that I brought out Wootton to ride for me for the big meetings in Calcutta and Bombay. Nevertheless, Jimmy won for me twice on 'Tangaroa,' and, finally, in Lucknow on 'Naughty





His Majesty King George V—In the Paddock, Calcutta—Jan , 1912

Boy.' Jimmy was now nearly fifty, so the change from riding to training was not only indicated but advisable.

T. G. Evers had raced and won on 'Proprietor' in the Monsoons, but had sold him in a selling plate for Rs. 1,700/- to Jack Scott. In the winter, Scott jumped him, and he won the Tally Ho Plate, with Evers up. The season was a brilliant one for me. His Majesty was out in India, and a special race, the first King Emperor's Cup, was to be run for, at our big meeting. 'Mayfowl' again won the Burdwan Cup and 'Tangaroa' took four races on end, the first two with Jimmy up, and the Trials and Calcutta Plate with Wootton up. 'Brogue,' that game little mare, had won the Paddock Plate, and 'Mayfowl' went on to win the Viceroy's Cup for the second time, and the stage was set for the race of the year—the King Emperor's Cup—with His Majesty there in person to present it to the lucky winner. There were eighteen runners, and Whalley, who had also come out, was riding 'Brogue,' as Wootton could not get the weight. The race was  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles which just suited my mare, and, beautifully handled by Whalley she came through her field to win comfortably, though she had none too easy a passage in the early stages, having drawn the fourteenth position in a field of eighteen runners. Both Jimmy and Wootton had mounts in the race, and Wootton made up



by winning the Macpherson Cup on the mare later on in the year.

'Brogue' was sent to Bombay, where she ran second in the Bombay City Plate, and when Goculdas made me an offer for her, I knew it was Jimmy's hand that was behind it, and though I accepted the bid, I told Goculdas that I was practically making him a gift of the next Viceroy's Cup.

It was at Bombay, in 1912, that I saw Frank Wootton bring off the most sensational finish of his career. 'Tangaroa' had already dead-heated with a horse, called 'Socialist,' in Calcutta, giving 'Socialist' two stone. What we did not know, however, was that 'Socialist' had landed in the country only two months before that race. They met again in Bombay two months later, and I backed mine for big money. 'Socialist' took the lead, and, at the distance post, young Ferguson, who had the mount, seemed to be going easy, three lengths ahead. He kept on looking back, however, and had evidently satisfied himself that all was well, when, about thirty yards from the winning post, Frank grabbed at his reins, shook his mount, and, literally, lifted 'Tangaroa' past 'Socialist,' beating the latter a short head. Just another instance of a race being thrown away by a jockey, being cocksure, and easing his mount before winning the race. The ovation Wootton received from the public was tremendous, though it is difficult



The Author leading in 'Brogue,' after the latter had won the  
King Emperor's Cup—January, 1912.



to say whether it was he that deserved the ovation or Ferguson who deserved a telling off. The result made a difference of several thousands to me, and I, for one, gladly joined in the clapping, and, subsequent congratulations that were justly showered on my jockey. It was a grand piece of work. Wootton had a very high opinion of 'Tangaroa,' and always maintained that I had made a mistake in not entering him for the Viceroy's Cup, as he felt that the horse was a stayer.

In Bombay, that year, an Arab trainer came across to me and asked whether Wootton would ride one of his Arabs. Anxious to get Frank as many winning mounts as possible, I accepted for him. Later, I was horrified to find that the trainer wanted the horse pulled. I said nothing to Frank, who had not understood the conversation, but I informed the trainer that this could not be done, and that I would not even make the suggestion to Wootton. The trainer merely smiled and walked away to get his charge ready for the race. Frank rode that Arab and won on him, and when the trainer met them to lead them in, he ignored Frank but muttered to the horse : "*Sala, nemuk haram—dho balti pani pilaya—phare jeetha !*"\* I heard the remark but refrained from giving Wootton a literal translation.

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\*Ungrateful beast—I gave you two buckets of water—yet you win !

In Bombay, Jimmy left me to take up his new duties. He did not want to leave me, but he had no option, as I sold off most of my string ; and, after him, I had Wootton, Whalley, Wing, Huxley, Rose, Shatwell, Stokes, Smyth, Townsend, Bullock, Riley, Strydon, Quirke, Maher and Steve Donoghue, and the greatest of all was Steve Donoghue. But not even the one and only Steve meant so much to me and my Stable as did old Jimmy who had been not only my stable jockey but also my right hand man in all my racing ventures in that period.

## CHAPTER VIII

### 'MAYFOWL'

'MAYFOWL' was the fourth horse to win the Viceroy's Cup on three separate occasions ; the first horse to win it three years in succession ; the first and only horse to win it four years in succession, and he had the added glory of winning three Burdwan Cups, and, incidentally, was never beaten either in a jump race in India or in the Viceroy's Cup. Furthermore, two of his Burdwan Cups were won in the same years as he won the Viceroy's Cups ; so, we can safely turn down the statement often heard that jumping spoils a horse for the flat, as an illogical argument.

He first belonged to Mr. J. J. Parkinson of Ireland, and won a seller, and was sold for £90, and, later, purchased for Mr. Apcar for £400.

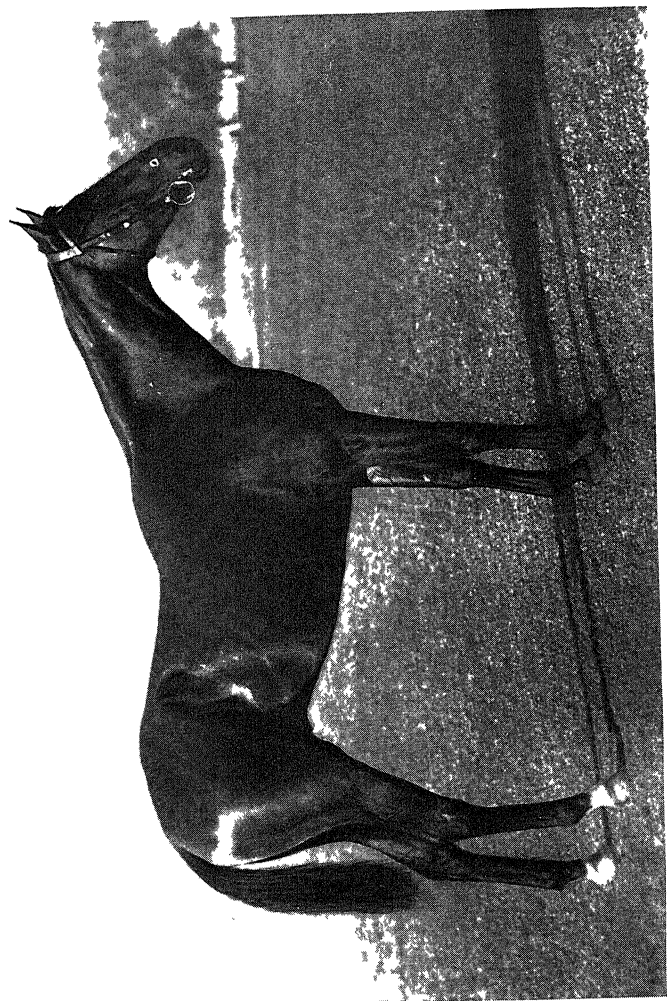
He appeared first in the Winter of 1909. Apcar had paid as many thousands for some of his previous cup winners as he had paid hundreds for 'Mayfowl,' but £400 was quite a good price for a jumper at the time, and, anyway, how was anyone to guess what 'Mayfowl' would turn out. He was duly entered for the Burdwan Cup and the Grand Annual both of which races he won : the first, fairly easily, with a light weight ; and the second, by a neck. C.

Hoyt rode him in both events. He was run eight times on the flat thereafter, and won four times, being second once, and third once. Good enough for a start, but even Sir A. A. Apcar did not have the slightest inkling of the good fortune that was in store for him.

'Mayfowl' was rested until the next season, and was then given three runs at the Poona Meeting, his best being a second to 'Fizz' in the Western India Stakes. The stable now had a line to work on, as 'Fizz' had shown up pretty well the previous season when he had run third in the Trials, second in the Cup and had won the Cooch Behar Cup. 'Fizz' had, however, given 'Mayfowl' a stone in the W. I. Stakes. This, at least, indicated one of the big handicap races in Calcutta ; so, when he came over, and again won the Burdwan Cup, he was not asked to jump in the Grand Annual but to set the pace for Apcar's Cup-candidate, 'Vavasour,' on which Apcar had placed high hopes. As a pace-maker, 'Mayfowl' was an absolute failure—he refused to gallop in front, and settled down to a comfortable 'lollop' at the tail end of the field, where he remained until he entered the straight, when he swished his tail and came at the leaders. He flashed past them one by one, and when he had passed 'Fizz' and caught up with 'Blackbuck' and it became evident that he was winning, only then did the public realise that it was another Apcar success







'Mayfowl.'

but this time with the wrong horse—the 50 to 1 shot had won, and the £400 horse had beaten the £2,000 horse. These things do happen in racing, and the tote dividend made glad the hearts of the lucky few who had backed 'Mayfowl.' He went on to run second in the Macpherson Cup, was unplaced in the King's Plate, and then ran third in the Merchant's Plate.

He had done just a little better than in his first year ; and, in the following season, on his first run, he proceeded to win the Burdwan Cup, for the third time, and the race acted on him as a tonic, for he went on to win his second Viceroy's Cup in much the same way as he had won it the previous year. He was ridden by Kuhn, Hoyt preferring 'Vavasour.' He was then run in the coveted King-Emperor's Cup but was giving away weight and did not shew up in the race.

'Mayfowl' had now become a valuable asset and was not to be risked over jumps. He had three Burdwan Cups, a Grand Annual, two Viceroy's Cups and four or five small races to his credit, but there was more to come. He was given a couple of runs in Poona—unplaced in both ; and, in place of the Burdwan Cup, was given a run in the Trials, where he again surprised everyone by running second to 'Black-buck.' This made him a favourite for the Viceroy's Cup, and, once again, we saw the now famous swish of the tail and the great run up

the straight. But, this time, there was a very game little mare somewhere in front, a mare that had won the coveted King-Emperor's Cup the previous season, and though he caught her, he failed to pass her and they went past the post locked together, and even the judge failed to separate them, his verdict being a dead-heat. It was a grand race and 'Brogue' had struggled gamely. An equally titanic struggle was going on for the third place, where the judge again failed to separate 'Gunboat' and 'Hilarity.' 'Mayfowl' tried again in the King-Emperor's Cup and the Merchant's Cup, but I suppose he felt that he had done his job for the year and no further wins resulted. He went to his Summer quarters and Sir Apcar died shortly after. His Executors were not inclined to race and 'Mayfowl' was leased out to Mr. R. R. S. for two years on racing terms, and Byramjee took charge of the horse for what eventually proved to be the most brilliant season of his career.

It was after this season that the C.T.C. was given the right to call itself the Royal Calcutta Turf Club. The Trial Stakes disappeared from the prospectus, and was, thereafter, known as the King-Emperor's Cup, with stakes equal to those of the Viceroy's Cup, together with a cup worth one hundred guineas.

'Mayfowl' was raced twice in Poona ; and, in the Wellesley Plate, he ran fourth—a good

enough pointer for the Viceroy's Cup, which he proceeded to win by three lengths ; followed that up by a short-head victory in the Cooch Behar Cup, and a head victory in the Macpherson Cup. You would have thought that the horse had had enough, but he was given a run in the February Plate (Rs. 1,500/- to the winner), though it was quite obvious that this was with a view to his Bombay engagements, in the first of which he ran second to 'Soultline' (Grand Western Handicap), and unplaced in the Byculla Club Cup. This was his fifth season's racing, but he had been leased out for two years and there was still a year to go, so, he came along to Calcutta for the 1914-15 seasons, raced four times unplaced, though not in the Viceroy's Cup, and was, eventually, handed back to Sir A. A. Apcar's Executors and Trustees, and went into comfortable retirement in Ballygunge. He had raced for six years, and lived ten years after. He continued to visit the race-course in the mornings for many years, but, later, his legs went groggy, and he was, more or less, confined to his stall and paddock in Ballygunge.

He remains the unbeaten champion as far as the Viceroy's Cup is concerned.



## CHAPTER IX

THE WAR YEARS (1914—1918)

BOMBAY owners now began to have a very big say in Calcutta racing. Mr. Goculdas had built up a powerful string and was being served by a very capable trainer and first class jockeys, while Mr. R. R. S.—the Chief of Kagal—had an equally good, though smaller, string. Goculdas' best was 'Arthur B,' a three-year old, while his ponies 'Refresher,' 'Gipsy,' 'Advice' and 'Symptoms' were also champions in their class. Mr. R. R. S. relied chiefly on 'Kempion,' a sprinter, and 'Bachelor's Wedding,' a stayer. I, too, had decided to have another crack at the big Cups and had imported a sprinter, 'Orepesa,' and a stayer, 'Shining Way.' I ran both of them at home, after purchase, and 'Shining Way' won two races for me at the Curragh, in 1912, one being the Irish Oaks, while 'Orepesa' picked up the Evington Plate at Leicester.

On arrival at Calcutta, there was a bit of a mix up in the horses and their identification sheets. To cut a long story short, for some time I ran 'Orepesa' as 'Shining Way,' and 'Shining Way' as 'Orepesa,' and this was, perhaps, the most costly mistake of my racing career. We did, however, finally discover the ghastly error,

and both 'Orepesa' and 'Shining Way' were then raced under their proper names and also at their correct distances, but not before I had had my leg very severely pulled, and my cup was full when I heard public reference to my two horses as 'Oreway' and 'Shining Pesa !'

However, we eventually got the pair suitably trained, and 'Shining Way' won the Prince of Wales' Plate, but it was not till the following Winter that I got the best out of them.

In Poona, 1914, 'Shining Way' won the Aga Khan Cup, and I had great hopes of her winning the Viceroy's Cup for me, but she struck a couple that were better. 'Orepesa' picked up one or two sprint races at the Poona Meeting.

In Calcutta, we were up against some tough propositions, and though I won two races with 'Orepesa,' all 'Shining Way' could do was to get placed in the Wellesley Plate and the Viceroy's Cup.

'Arthur B' started off by annexing the Juvenile Plate, and followed on with an unexpected win in the King Emperor's Cup, the mighty 'Kempion' not even getting a place.

This brought us to the Viceroy's Cup, and 'Shining Way' was by no means neglected after a good run in the Wellesley Plate, but 'Bachelor's Wedding' was always a hot favourite in spite of a late run on 'Arthur B.' The race needs little description. At the six furlong post

'Arthur B' was in the lead when 'Bachelor's Wedding' passed him, and, going on full of running, won comfortably by two lengths. To all of us watching the race, it was a clear-cut victory, but the red cone went up, and it appears that the objection was lodged on an alleged crossing of 'Arthur B' by 'Bachelor's Wedding' somewhere between the six-furlong post and the five-furlong post. It was, however, very quickly overruled as being without substance. 'Matchlock' gave Goculdas a couple of Cup races, and 'Refresher' won the International Pony Plate.

In the Winter of 1915-16, I won no big races at all. The best 'Shining Way' could do was a third in the Wellesley Plate. When 'Bachelor's Wedding' won the Wellesley Plate and the King Emperor's Cup, he was made a hot favourite for the Viceroy's Cup, but General Sir Nawabzada Obaidulla Khan had imported 'Kiltoi,' that fine stayer, for this race, and 'Bachelor's Wedding' had to be content with second place. 'Kiltoi' went on to establish his superiority as a stayer by winning the Governor's Cup with a packet.

That year, the Tollygunge Steeplechase Meeting came to an end, and, for the first time, the Indian Grand National was run in Calcutta on a prepared course within the course proper, and was won by 'First Venture.' The R.C.T.C. were finding it a heavy and unnecessary expense







'Frisette,' 'Castle Vite,' 'Molgby,' 'Shinning Way' and 'Watteau'

Five winners, ridden by Morny Wing, all on the same day—March, 1916

to maintain the Tollygunge Course in good order for a three-day meeting, and, moreover, the number of Steeplechasers had thinned down, and there were insufficient number of horses to fill in a programme of five jump events on each of the three days racing,

I myself had had a pretty thin time so far, and had only picked up five small races. Morny Wing had come out that year to ride for me, and, Ferguson, my trainer, had taken Thaddeus' horses across to Bombay in January, and I was training my own horses. On the 4th March, 1916, the programme consisted of a card of six events, of which the first was a hurdle race in which I had no starter. In the five flat races I had runners in all, and I had the good fortune to win all five, in all of them Wing riding the winner. The horses were 'Frisette' in the Medium Pony Plate, 'Castle Vite' in the Spring Plate, 'Molgiby' in the Stayers Consolation Plate and 'Watteau' in the Sprinters Consolation Plate. I had good wins on all except 'Castal Vite,' which, for some unknown reason, was going a-begging at tens, and on him I only had a small bet. Ferguson had one of his own in the Stayers Consolation Plate. He had returned from Bombay that day and asked my Office Manager to advise me not to back 'Shining Way' against his horse. I told him that this was not the old 'Shining Way' but a different horse, now trained by J. C. Galstaun !

Ferguson was not too pleased, even though he must have guessed it was only a leg pull ; but, as the results were against him, we heard nothing more about it. A lady, newly out from Home, who had probably never visited a race course before, went on to her club after the races, and when asked as to who had won, said that one horse had won all the races she did not remember the name, but it began with the letter 'G.'

Morny Wing has since repeated this performance. In May of this year, at the Curragh, five out of seven races fell to the Conyngham Lodge stable, all five were owned by Mr. McGrath and were ridden by Morny Wing.

In the following season, we had classification of horses for the first time, and 'One' appeared in Class III. He proceeded to win four races on end and was quickly up to Class I.

Shortly after the introduction of classification, a humorous incident took place concerning Mr. W. Leslie (as well known in Chowringhee as on the race-course as Mr. Lauder), and his trainer, Bill Thomas. They had 'Star of India' (Class II), and a fourth class horse entered in two races on the same day. In the first of these races (Cl. IV), the horses were parading in the ring, when Stokes, the stable jockey, came along, ready to mount. To his horror, he found 'Star of India' walking round the paddock in place of the fourth class

horse. Thomas' face was a picture when his attention was drawn to the fact by Stokes. However, the mistake was detected in time, and, after some delay, the fourth class horse appeared. Bill Thomas had to put up with a long leg pull after that, yet a cleverer man with horses it would be hard to find.

Mr. R. R. S. had augmented his stable by the inclusion of 'Silver Balm,' a fine miler, and she duly won the December Stakes and the King Emperor's Cup, whereas 'Kiltoi' and 'Bachelor's Wedding' were expected to fight out the Viceroy's Cup. What happened to 'Kiltoi' I do not know, but he was never in the hunt. The unlucky horse in the race was 'Fizyama' who had won the Cesarewitch the previous year. Just when making his run at the distance, he broke down opposite the stands, and came in third on three legs. 'Matchlock,' that great handicap horse, took the Governor's Cup; 'Refresher' and 'Symptoms' continued their series of successes in the International Pony Stakes and the Eclipse Pony Stakes.

The season 1917-18 proved the most disastrous of my long racing career. In the Winter, I won exactly one race, the Palace Plate, with that grand little pony, 'Frisette.'

'Kiltoi' had come back to form and won the Wellesley Plate from 'Magyar,' and followed on by winning the Viceroy's Cup, and ran second

in the first of the Carmichael Cups. 'Magyar' had won the King Emperor's Cup, and 'Refresher' and 'Symptoms' again annexed what had now begun to be looked upon as their perquisites.

But it was 'One' that now arrested the attention of racegoers. He had come up from Tollygunge, and won the Governor's Cup and the Macpherson Cup. We knew we would assuredly hear more of him the following year in the Classics. How near he came to winning the Cup, you will learn in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER X

### 'DARK LEGEND'

'DARK Legend' had run third to 'Gay Crusader' and 'Dansellon' in the substitute Derby of 1917. He was imported to India by the Maharaja of Jodhpur. The horse had been purchased for him by George Dick and, Frank Tarrant, the cricketer, and took to the country. He was raced thrice in Poona, where, in his first outing, in a sprint race, he ran second to 'Forfeit Lass,' a flier ; then won the Trial Plate from 'Verge' and 'First Flier ;' and, finally, annexed the Aga Khan Cup, beating 'One' and 'Magyar.' He had been one of the best horses of the year in England, and now there was no reason why he should not sweep the board in Calcutta and Bombay if he stood up to the stiff preparation.

Shortly after his last run at Poona, the Maharaja of Jodhpur died, and the Maharaja's uncle, who was practically in charge of affairs, wanted to sell all the late Maharaja's horses in Bombay by public auction. As I was anxious to buy the animal, I sent him a telegram suggesting that he should send the horses to Calcutta for sale, and pointed out that he would probably get better prices here as it was at the beginning of our big season. He acted on my

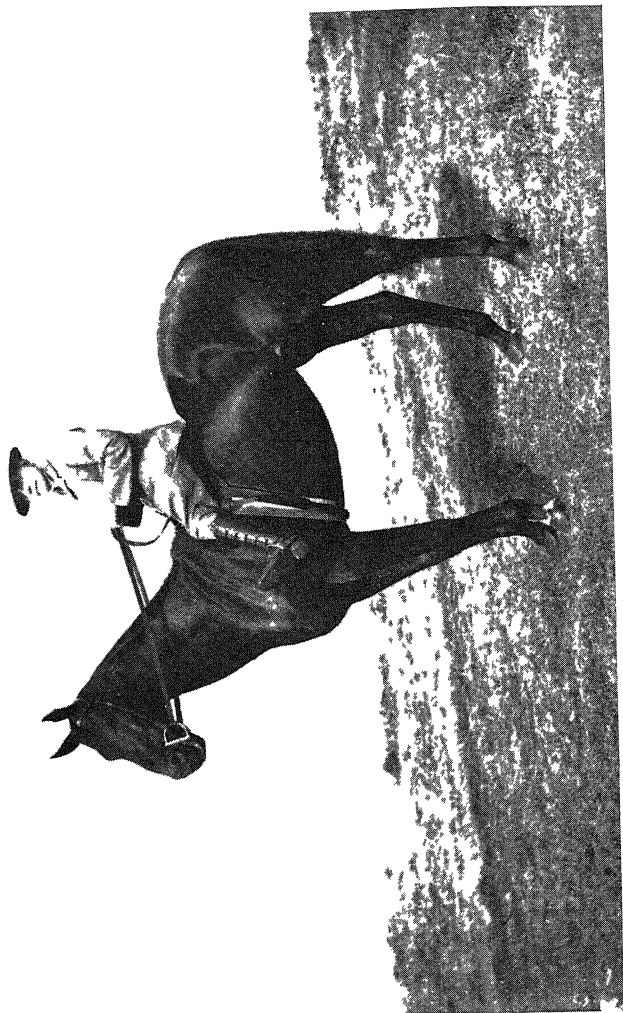
suggestion, and wrote to me to say that he had decided to send the horses to Calcutta to be put up for sale.

The day before the sale, Tarrant saw me and wanted to bet me Rs. 5,000/- that the horse would fetch over two lacs. I did not think he would fetch that figure and we had a bet of £100. Tarrant felt sure of winning the bet, as a client of his had given him an order without limit, and had told him that he had cabled for the money. Not having received a reply on the morning of the sale, he sent for Tarrant and, much to Tarrant's disappointment, told him not to bid. I myself was very anxious to get the horse and knew that I would have to pay pretty heavily, so, I got hold of T. M. Thaddeus and asked him to help me out. I told him that I myself would bid up to Rs. 85,000/-, after which I would drop out of the bidding and he was to go on without any further reference to me, and without any limit, making it explicitly clear to him that the horse was to be bought for me at any price.

The sale went on, and I dropped out after bidding Rs. 85,000/-, but I could tell that there still was competition, as only occasionally did I hear Thaddeus' voice. At Rs. 95,000/-, there was a lull, and the auctioneer called out 'once,' and then Rs. 95,000/- 'twice.' At this stage I arrested his attention and signalled a bid of Rs. 96,000/-. Then came Rs. 97,000/- against







The Author, on 'Dark Legend.'

me, and I signalled Rs. 98,000/-, wondering why Thaddeus had 'curled up' against my instructions. The next bid jumped the price to Rs. 99,000/- and, in desperation, I signalled a lac, at the same time edging my way towards Thaddeus to find out what it was all about. Just when I reached Thaddeus a lac and one thousand was announced by the auctioneer and, to my horror, I discovered that Thaddeus had stopped calling out his bids and was, like myself, signalling them.

It was not till the hammer fell at Rs. 1,01,000/- and Thaddeus was announced as the purchaser on behalf of J. C. Galstaun that I felt safe, and knew that 'Dark Legend' was mine, and that knowledge was sufficient to drown our sorrows, for between us, Thaddeus and I had thrown away six thousand rupees unnecessarily. It was the highest price ever paid for a horse in India, but, as things turned out, it proved to be the cheapest purchase I ever made.

The following morning, Tarrant was round at my place, and offered me two lacs for the horse, but I told him that I would not sell him even for five lacs. He then produced a telegram from Baroda, instructing him to buy the horse up to a limit of three lacs. He said I was a very lucky person, handed me his own cheque for the equivalent of £100 and departed.

The next step was to get the horse ready. He had come from Poona in charge of Firth, and I

left him with this trainer, although all my other horses were with Ramshaw. We finally decided to run him in just three events—the Wellesley Plate, the King Emperor's Cup and the Viceroy's Cup—and if he won all three, he would just about have paid for himself out of the stakes. We then had to fix up a jockey, and I was lucky to get Huxley for the Wellesley Plate and the Viceroy's Cup, and we engaged Rose who was going a-begging for that race, as 'One' was not running in the shorter race. The stage was set, and all we waited for was the day of the race.

'Dark Legend' had done well, in his stable as well as on the track, and I felt very confident. I had managed to get on some fair bets on the King Emperor's Cup and Viceroy's Cup double, and on the treble, and I confidently backed him in all the events seperately, though at ridiculously short prices. Well, the big meeting started, and 'Verge' won the December Plate, the first of the season's Terms races, and I knew it was this one that we had to be afraid of in the King Emperor's Cup. The following Saturday, we stripped for the fray. No instructions were given to Huxley who was told to ride his own race ; and, strangely enough, 'Dark Legend' was, in his three races, ridden in three different ways. Huxley kept him in the ruck, and, at the distance, pulled him out into the middle of the track and came through to win

comfortably by a length and a half. He responded so quickly to Huxley's call, that I, for one, felt that the two Cups were safe in my pocket. Racing, however, is an uncertain game, and on King Emperor's Cup day, just before the race, I did not feel quite so certain. Rose, I think, was glad to have the mount, as it would give him a chance to compare the two horses—'Dark' Legend and 'One,' his Cup mount. Actually, the King Emperor's Cup was 'Dark Legend's' easiest win, and he gave Rose an armchair ride. He got off well, struck the front and stayed there, winning the race in a canter by two lengths.

And now the Viceroy's Cup! Huxley was to ride again, and he himself was very confident, especially after the show 'Dark Legend' had put up in the King Emperor's Cup. 'Dark Legend' was a red hot favourite, but whisper had gone round about 'One,' and all those who looked for something to beat the favourite pounced on 'One' as the goods. His stable connections had taken some nourishing bets on him and heavily supported him for a place, which was sensible and more remunerative than backing mine for a win. You already know how 'One' rose from the ranks—he had also shewn up well in Poona, and his winding up gallop, in Calcutta, later, was devastating, and once again, some of my confidence had gone, and, though I felt pretty certain of winning, I

decided to keep my glasses on 'One.' The race was a thriller—though there were only two in the fight. They got off to a good start, and, by the time they took the bend into the Kidderpore straight, 'One' was three lengths in front, with Huxley on 'Dark Legend' at the head of the field. By the time they had turned into the Memorial stretch, 'One' was five lengths ahead, a lead which was increased at the 5f. post to ten lengths. Huxley now decided to give chase—he was six lengths behind at the 4f. post, and two lengths behind at the 3f. post, and had levelled up coming into the straight, when he proceeded to draw away from 'One.' They were both all out, and when Dark Legend passed the post he was three lengths ahead. He had proved himself a real champion, yet one felt sorry for the 'ranker.' In any other year 'One' would have been the horse of the season and it was Mr. Walen's bad luck to have struck a year in which a Derby third was participating. My horse had done for me all I had asked or expected of him, but my good fortune continued, and the season turned out to be the most brilliant I had ever had. We had some good ones in Ramshaw's stable that year, and he won the Cooch Behar Cup with his 'Litte Nan,' while my 'Oros' ran second. 'St. Quin' had, however, still to shew his paces which he proceeded to do in no uncertain manner in the Carmichael Cup, with Rose up. At this stage, I had a row with my trainer. He had missed winning the Viceroy's Cup with

'One,' had taken the Cooch Behar Cup for himself, had won the Carmichael Cup for me, and now wished to win the Governor's Cup with 'Giacomi,' belonging to Mr. J. L. Ainsworth, one of his best patrons. He knew he could beat the rest and wanted me to scratch 'St. Quin.' Very thoughtful and considerate, no doubt, and I felt sure Mr. Ainsworth was grateful to Ramshaw for the latter's efforts on his behalf, but I hadn't paid thousands of pounds for horses for the benefit of seeing Mr. Ainsworth win races. So, naturally, I declined to scratch my horse. I was then informed that I could not have the stable jockey, so Rose was deprived of a winning mount, and I got Barden for 'St. Quin.' 'St. Quin' won in a canter by four lengths from 'Giacomi,' and even whilst the horses were still coming into the weighing in enclosure I decided to take my horses away from Ramshaw and informed him accordingly.

A hint to those about to start racing stables. If you can afford it have your own trainer. You can get into an awful mess in a stable where four or five separate interests have to be catered for, especially if they are all gamblers. Still I take off my hat to Ramshaw as a trainer. My horses were in the pink of condition all the time they were with him, and he was partially responsible for the most brilliant season of my racing career. Still a Governor's Cup was worth more to me than a trainer's good-will, and,

besides, I always believe in racing a horse while it is fit and well, as anything may happen in between. In fact, if you will look through subsequent records, you will find that 'St. Quin' never won me another race, as he broke down the following year, just as I was beginning to look upon him as my 1919 Cup candidate.

'Dark Legend' went off to his Summer quarters along with my other horses including 'First Flier,' which had run fourth in the Wellesley Plate. 'St. Quin' had raised my hopes, so, I now had three prospective Cup-candidates in my stable. I hoped 'Dark Legend' would be fit enough to race again though he had gone a bit tender after the Viceroy's Cup, and I certainly thought very highly of 'St. Quin,' so, I sold 'First Flier' to Thaddeus. Thaddeus was a very careful man, and, at first, did not want to buy the animal, as he feared the long preparation. However, I agreed to let him have the horse for Rs. 19,000/- on the distinct understanding that he only paid for it if it got to the post fit and well for the Viceroy's Cup, and no money changed hands at the time.

Time passed and when Poona had come round it was evident that we were going to have much difficulty in training 'Dark Legend.' 'St. Quin,' too, had shown a bit of tenderness and we decided to wait for Calcutta. One evening I was playing bridge with Thaddeus and a couple of others when the conversation turned to

Racing and the Viceroy's Cup in particular. We had all voiced our opinions when Thaddeus said that he would win the Cup with 'First Flier.' I thought he was joking and offered him Rs. 18,000/- to Rs. 2,000/-, a point better than he would have got from the bookmakers at the time. To my great surprise, Thaddeus accepted the bet. He, evidently, placed great reliance on his 'Rajah' as he affectionately called 'First Flier,' and I learnt later that Ruiz, his jockey, had already assured him that he had as good a chance as any.

Shortly after this, 'St. Quin' broke down completely, and I was left with the half-trained 'Dark Legend' to see me through the season. His legs were very uncertain, so, we decided to race him only in the King Emperor's Cup and, again, in the Viceroy's Cup. I think, just one more race would have given him enough work to see him through the Cup. As it was, he ran gamely enough, but like a horse obviously short of a gallop.

'Roubaix' ran away with the December Plate, the Wellesley Plate and the King Emperor's Cup. When 'First Flier' ran second to 'Roubaix' in the Wellesley Plate, I remembered the bet I had laid Thaddeus and decided to cover it, but the best I could get now was sixes, so, I took Rs. 18,000/- to Rs. 3,000/-. The Cup was a fairly open race. 'Roubaix' commanded the market, on his three previous



runs, but 'One' was in the race, and the people had not forgotten the great gallop he had put up the previous year against 'Dark Legend,' who himself could not be neglected in spite of his being short of work, while 'First Flier' had put in a great run in the Wellesley Plate. It was a great race, short heads separating the first four, but that great horseman, Ruiz, lifted 'First Flier' past the post, though it was generally admitted that the unlucky horse of the race was 'Roubaix.'

As a result, all that I collected from Thaddeus as the price of 'First Flier' was Rs. 1,000/-, after settling my bet with him. Fortunately, I had hedged and collected my winnings in place of the price of the horse. He jumped 'First Flier' the following year, when the horse fell in the Burdwan Cup race, and had to be shot.

I picked up only one valuable race that season, and that was the Cooch Behar Cup, with 'Oros.' It was a great year for Goculdas, as 'Roubaix' had won four big races, and 'Cherry & Black' took the Governor's Cup. 'Giacomi,' by the way, won the Macpherson Cup. I was, however, somewhat luckier in Bombay, as 'Simon's Choice' won four good races on end.

Country Breds had been catered for in both the 1918-19 and 1919-20 seasons, and, in a short while, we had some good ones, such as 'Steel Blue' (Class II). But for some reason this class

of racing died out in Calcutta, and it is now refreshing to find that they are being catered for again, though still only on a small scale as compared with the Western side.

Mr. T. G. Evers was now practically the only 'G. R.' competing, and holding his own, too, with the professionals. His horses, trained by J. D. Scott, were really under his control, and most of the track work was done by him, and, in this, he was ably supported by his Indian jockey, Moosamdin. Evers was one of the few men who rode their own horses both on the track and in races, and in his one and only tilt at the R. C. T. C., he emerged entirely successful. His horse 'Limton' was in the Fort Plate of the Monsoons, 1920, in a low division, with heavy weight. He himself rode and 'Limton' ran unplaced. A week or two later, 'Limton' ran in the Monsoon Cup, Div. I, with a light weight, Moosamdin up, and won by three lengths. The Stewards seemed dissatisfied with the running of 'Limton' on the first day and had Evers on the carpet. The meeting has since—unofficially—become historic, and the nett result was a notice in the Racing Calendar to the effect that the Stewards were not satisfied that Mr. Evers had persevered sufficiently with his mount in the Fort Plate. They must, however, have reconsidered their decision, for, in the very next issue of the Racing Calendar, the following appeared :—

*"Mr. T. G. Evers has been elected a Steward of the R. C. T. C."*

And this, I think, must certainly be counted as a points victory for Mr. Evers. With a complete knowledge of Calcutta racing at his command, he was more than a success in that honorary and very honourable job of Steward of the R. C. T. C.

Undoubtedly, he was the most successful amateur who had ever ridden in Calcutta, and, at his best, there was nothing to choose between him and our leading professionals in a tight finish.

It was with much regret that I read of his death early this year at the comparatively early age of 64.

And what of 'Dark Legend'? Well, I sent him to stud in France. There have been many horses that have won the Cup twice; three only, so far, that had won it three times; and one that had won it four times in consecutive years. Others followed who proved themselves champions—and one, in particular, that we can look upon as champion of all time—yet, on looking back, I doubt whether any racehorse that has come to India has been intrinsically as good as 'Dark Legend' at his best—just my opinion, and, maybe, an opinion influenced by a bit of bias—still, it's difficult to compare a really good horse with equally good horses that come before or after.

He won, in stakes, the price I paid for him, as much again for me in bets, and, at stud, he gave me just over one hundred thousand pounds.

I raced several of his sons in India, the best, perhaps, being 'Dark Orient,' and his stock raced successfully in every country in Europe, 'Dark Way' doing remarkably well in Berlin, Belgium and France. Some of his sons are now racing successfully in India.

I was informed that his teeth were bad, and he was not feeding well, and they did not intend to run him—but the trainer insisted on running him. Had he been well, he would most likely have won the Derby.

'Dark Legend' had been leased by me to Baron Bayens for the Stud.

His first produce of importance was 'Dark Diamond' who was second in the Grand Prix—he should have won, but was badly ridden. He beat his rival in the Deauville Grand Prix and won several races subsequently.

I took 'Dark Legend' back from Baron Bayens who had three of his yearlings, one of which, 'Dark Japan,' was sold at the Yearling Sales for the paltry sum of 9,000 frs. and which, later, proved to be one of his best gets. He was bought by Baron Bayens and later sold to H. H. The Aga Khan for five thousand guineas. I understand H. H. The Aga Khan refused a very

large sum for him. He won the Chester Vase, the Manchester November Handicap and the Goodwood Cup, and ran third in the Ascot Gold Cup. He also beat 'Biribi,' who had won the Grand Prix, at level weights. Among his other good stock were two fillies that won the French Oaks and other races. 'Dark Lantern' won the French Guineas but he was not entered for the Grand Prix—his owner, Mr. Davis, offered to run a match with the Grand Prix winner for £5,000 a side, but the challenge was not accepted. The French papers averred that he would have won the Grand Prix had he been entered. 'Dark Way,' another of his gets, won several chases and hurdle-races in France, the Grand National in Berlin, and the big steeple-chases in Belgium.

More recently, his foal 'Easton'—bred in France—was one of the best horses in England.

He also produced 'Legend of France,' who won several races in France, and two races in England, in 1938; at Kempton Park, beating 'Boswell' and other classic horses weight for age.

Last, but not least, at the age of 24, he produced 'Galatia,' who won the English Guineas and Oaks in 1939, and was the best filly of the year.

'Dark Legend' was second on the list of sires in England, although he was at Stud in France.

## CHAPTER XI

### ENGLISH RACING

I first raced in England in 1907, and, later, in Ireland, where my initial success was in the Irish Oaks of 1912, with 'Shining Way.' But I wasn't racing in the real sense. I merely raced horses that I had bought for export before actually shipping them out. In this way, 'Shining Way,' 'Orepesa,' 'Watteau,' 'Prince Rupert,' 'Cinder Sifter,' 'Golden Square' and 'Ox Trot' all helped towards the cost of their purchase.

It was't till 1919, however, that I raced in England in earnest. The first thing I did was to find a trainer, and I was lucky in coming across my old friend O. M. D. Bell, Ossie Bell as he was familiarly known. When he agreed to train my horses, I set about looking for some. I found 'Spirit,' 'Golden Square,' and 'Idyl,' and raced them all in selling plates, had a good gamble each time. and let 'Spirit' and 'Idyl' go to the highest bidder, but bought in 'Golden Square' and shipped him to India where he won twelve races. I then picked up 'Clondir' which I raced four times in 1919. He carried my colours to victory on all four occasions, and, on each occasion, I gambled heavily, but I was forced to pay a big price to retain him after

he won the All Aged Selling Plate at Newbury ; and, as Bell considered him a good medium for gambling in Selling Plates, I left him in Bell's charge and returned to India.

In 1920, I went back, determined to have a real crack at the English Leviathans, and added a colt by 'Charles O' Malley,' 'Vadie,' 'Corporal,' and 'Birds Nest' to my string ; and, finally, 'Double Dew.' After a couple of big gambles on the 'Charles O' Malley' colt, I let him go in the sale ring, and I raced 'Vadie,' who also paid her way and departed to help another stable to make some money. Steve Donoghue was doing most of my riding, and Bell and I found his advice invaluable. We also had Ruiz, Quirke, Strydon, Eric Harrison and Bullock riding for us, but I always felt safest when Steve was up, especially when I had put out £10,000 or £15,000 on a horse.

The fun began when we brought 'Corporal' out. I will not spoil the story by telling it myself and would refer you to Chapter I of 'Gamblers of the Turf' by Larry Lynx of 'The People.'

The stage was set for a series of big Selling Plate gambles, so, read what Larry Lynx says of them :

"In the early days of 1920, when racing was back to normal after four years of chaos, there came to this country from India a wealthy Armenian known as J. C. Galstaun. He had owned horses in the East but so far

had not raced in England. The first thing he did was to look for a trainer, then he visited various race courses with the object of picking up a horse or two to carry his colours.

One afternoon at Gatwick the present Weyhill trainer, Frank Hartigan slipped in a Selling Plate a nice looking brown colt by 'Stornaway' called 'Corporal.' This youngster had only been run once before but obviously had been highly tried on the home gallops, for he was backed down to just over evens and cantered in hard held by three lengths.

At the subsequent auction there were several bidders. I can visualise Galstaun now, a somewhat comical little figure as he commenced to top the bids of other owners round the rostrum. He seemed determined to buy 'Corporal' at any cost and eventually secured the colt for 1400 guineas, which was a high price for a selling plater. Subsequent events proved that the son of 'Stornaway' was to Galstaun worth every penny he paid.

The colt went into Ossie Bell's stable at Lambourn to be trained, and his new owner proceeded to lay his plans for hitting up the ring.

Mr. J. C. Galstaun bought 'Corporal' at Gatwick knowing exactly what he intended to do. It was not a new game he was trying out but an old one ; many other clever people had tried it before but, usually, they found themselves hoist with their own petard inasmuch as the theory of laying long odds on a good horse to beat bad horses means buying money at an enormous risk. It might be done once but a second attempt usually ends in failure as bookmakers see just as much of the game as the man who is playing it.

However, Galstaun meant to win a Rajah's ransom on 'Corporal.' 'Corporal' was entered for several races but it was about a month after his Gatwick victory that he sported colours again, this time at Alexandra Park



in a Juvenile Seller worth £186 to the winner. Actually there were seven runners and the bookmakers remembering what the colt had done on his previous outing were not giving anything away. They asked for odds of 9 to 4 to start, and eventually accepted 7 to 4. Galstaun pranced up and down the rails trying to bet £5,000 to £4,000 on his horse but the layers shook their heads. I believe one did lay £4,000 to £6,000 and the next man the same odds to a lesser sum which sent 'Corporal' back to two to one on in a matter of seconds.

Feeling that only bad fortune in running could lose him the race, Galstaun proceeded to take all the bets that other bookmakers offered. Eventually, he succeeded in getting something like £16,000 on his Plater just before the flag fell for the "off."

I can see him now watching the race, as the field came into the straight but there was never any real danger. At the distance 'Corporal' wrested the lead from a horse called 'Whitesark' ridden by Vic Smyth and won comfortably by a length. Then most of those present round the bookmakers on the rails went to the little roped in weighing enclosure to see the fun. They knew that Galstaun would not get his horse back without paying a lot of money beyond the £200 for which it was entered to be sold.

The bidding was fast and furious. At 1250 guineas it looked as though the little Armenian might lose 'Corporal,' but he persistently told his trainer to go on and the colt was bought in for 1550 guineas—"a bit expensive" was a remark I overheard, but Galstaun could afford to be expensive. Apart from the value of the stake, which didn't matter two hoots, he had pouched something in the neighbourhood of £10,000 which left a profit of £8,500 after "incidentals" had been paid. Not a bad afternoon's work.

The first encounter with Galstaun had put the "bookies" wise to the fact that he was not such a "mutt"

as he looked. He had some other Platers carrying his colours and with the lesson of 'Corporal' sticking in their gizzards the layers decided to "play possum" the next time the little Armenian made an attempt to take them on.

It was at Kempton Park, about four weeks later, that 'Corporal' was given his second outing by Galstaun. I remember that the owner was most anxious an hour before the race to know the exact strength of the field. He made enquiries as to which other horses were likely to be backed against 'Corporal' and the only one that appeared to be fancied was 'Honeysuckle' a youngster in Bert Lines' stable. For the rest—well in the vernacular they weren't worth two pennyworth of cold gin.

There was one thing about Galstaun, so long as the ring would let him bet he wasn't particular what odds the layers asked for. His trainer had assured him that 'Corporal' could stay the Kempton six furlongs, so in a small field the colt again looked a good thing. He engaged Steve Donoghue to ride and put in a commissioner to do some of the business. The ring men of course soon smelt that it was Galstaun's money and at the finish they were shouting "take 9 to 4 and not much of it."

Meanwhile, Galstaun had managed to get on the tidy little sum of £15,000, the balance of his commission was invested a few minutes before the race started, and he stood to win another £10,000, the plater, who was the best plater in the country at the time, going out a tight 9 to 4 on favourite with 'Honeysuckle' backed at three to one.

A furlong from home Galstaun must have had an anxious few seconds for 'Honeysuckle' was hanging on to 'Corporal' who had taken the lead at half way. The layers began to shout "the favourite's beat, come on 'Honeysuckle'." But Steve was riding a Donoghue finish. He rode 'Corporal' home with his hands and

passed the post less than a length in front, just about all out or so it seemed to the onlookers.

It cost the owner 1850 guineas to buy in 'Corporal,' which indicated that the estimated value of the colt was going to increase with every race. Yet, to Galstaun he was very much a paying proposition.

By this time the bookmakers, with whom Galstaun betted, had properly got "wind up." The mere name of the little Armenian acted as a piece of red rag is said to aggravate a bull. They were determined to have no more of 'Corporal' in "sellers" and I calculate that something of what was passing in their minds came on the ether, as it were to the cute brain of J. C. Galstaun. He decided to run 'Corporal' in a Nursery Handicap at Manchester and that day he did not appear to have on his betting boots, for 5 to 1 went begging in the ring. 'Corporal' was third, beaten a short head and three lengths by 'Venetia' and 'Nigger Minstrel.' The £2,000 horse was now running in his right class.

Thinking that the layers might forget the earlier wins and remember only the last defeat Galstaun sent 'Corporal' to run in a six furlong seller at Newmarket. Some of the smaller bookmakers offered to take 6 to 4 but the big men jibbed when the little Armenian started to run up and down stopping every now and then to ask one of the bookmakers on the rails what odds he would accept. What he got was a shake of the head and two expressive hands, palms upwards, fingers, garnished with many rings, extended. You see, they were all frightened of Galstaun even those of Jewish extraction. It was better to give him a miss.

He got on a few bets but nothing like the sum he would have invested had there been bookmakers ready to accommodate him. And the race started, and away went 'Corporal' racing for dear life into the Abingdon Dip and Steve Donoghue sitting pretty knowing that he had a double handful. The judge's verdict was six

lengths but Donoghue could have won by twenty if he had let 'Corporal' out. 'Corporal' went into the sale ring to be sold for 300 guineas and some well known owners immediately placed themselves in adjacent positions to the auctioneers. This time there was going to be some fun. Among those round the rostrum were the late Mr. Washington Singer and Mr. J. Hornung, who trained with Basil Jarvis.

When the auctioneer asked for any advance on £200 Mr. Singer to the surprise of those in the vicinity said "one thousand guineas." Galstaun none too pleased that the bookmakers had not afforded him the opportunity of having his usual gamble shouted, "eleven hundred" and so the bidding went on. Twelve hundred and fifty guineas—fourteen hundred to be capped by a bid from Mr. Hornung of fifteen hundred guineas.

By this time it had become fairly obvious to J. C. Galstaun that certain people round the auctioneer were determined that he should not get his horse back and that was about the strength of the situation.

Poor Galstaun, every bid he made was topped by somebody else. His cup of bitterness was full to overflowing when 'Corporal' was eventually knocked down to Mr. Hornung for the record sum of 2650 guineas.

Thus was this man, who had put fear into the hearts of bookmakers, legitimately deprived of the greatest money spinner that many owner could have possessed over such a comparatively short period.

And what of 'Corporal'! The colt ran twice again that year in Mr. Hornung's colours but did not win and without delving into figures I should say that he proved a dear horse to the man who bought him."

And that's what Mr. Larry Lynx said of 'Corporal.'

He tells a good racing story, and is an

observant man, but he made one mistake when he said that I did not have on my betting boots that day at Manchester. I had them on that day, all right, but I was at Folkestone, racing 'Clondir' in a Selling Plate. We had sent 'Corporal,' with Donoghue, to Manchester, and, from Manchester, Steve sent me a telegram to the course at Folkestone, telling me to warn Strydon, the Australian jockey, that 'Clondir' was inclined to get left at the post. Therefore, I shewed Strydon the telegram and warned him. I didn't get much in the way of odds, but managed to get on £6,000 to win £4,000 spread over several bookmakers.

As the gate went up, sure enough, my horse was left, but Strydon nursed him and came with a rush at the end only to be touched off by a head, and when 'Clondir' was pulled up, it was found that the bridle had slipped and the rein and not the bit was in his mouth. Anyway, we went to the sale ring; they had started walking the winner round, when one of the Officials rushed in, telling the auctioneer not to sell the horse, as there was an objection. I asked Bell whether he or Strydon had put in an objection, and he said no; and we later learnt that it was the third horse that had objected to the winner. The latter was disqualified and I got the race. This made a difference to me of £10,000, as, instead of losing £6,000, I cleared about £4,000. Some of the bookmakers came

out of the ring and shook hands with me, saying they could not beat me as my luck was too good. And that's why I did not have my betting boots on at Manchester! 'Clondir' was then put up for sale, and though I bid up to £550, someone capped me at £600, and I let him go at that. Later, the new owner came back and offered me the horse for £600, but I had decided to part with him, as he had developed the habit of getting left at the post, and I do not think he won another race after that.

The last time 'Corporal' ran in my colours at Newmarket, I had backed him heavily at odds on. Soon after the start, however, I heard them laying six to four against. I took one bet of £1,500 to £1,000, and another of £900 to £600, after which they closed down. It was only later that I learnt from Slowburn that they had mistaken Howeson's colours for mine, and had not realised that it was 'Corporal' in front, with a five-length lead. Howeson, whose horse ran second, cleared £1,250 as a result of the record price that 'Corporal' fetched in the sale ring.

The bookmakers had, by this time, made it very difficult for me to bring off any really big 'coups'; they just wouldn't lay me any decent bet, and, heaven knows, I was prepared to accept almost any odds. I was at old Wootton's place one day, and was grumbling about this, when Frank suggested to his father that he should run a horse of his for me to have a good

gamble on. His father could not think of a suitable horse for a gamble of this nature, but Frank suggested one when his father said that we would get no odds on him in a Selling Plate, as he was too good. Frank, however, had a different idea which involved a big risk. Anyway, it was resolved to run the horse on my assurance that I would buy in the horse for old Wootton, and lay him the odds to £200.

Frank said that the betting would open at 6 to 4 on, when I would take £300 to £200, to cover the bet for his father, and that I was to have no further bet before the race, but to bet on the running. He said he would take the lead, and would then drop back last at the 3f. post, when I could get better odds. We ran the risk of losing the race altogether, but what is one to do when one is out for a gamble and the ring won't accept one's bets. Everything went according to schedule, and Wootton took the lead and dropped back last approaching the 3f. post. The bookies, thinking the horse had broken down, opened up a bit, and I managed to get on about £1,500 at two's. At the distance post, the horse came through and won easily by two lengths. The bookmakers cursed a bit and said that it was a made up job, which, in fact, it was—and though it did not suit their books, it was successful enough for me.

Larry Lynx mentioned Charlie Hanan in 'Gamblers of the Turf.' I once saw Hanan take

a bet at Goodwood when he put out £10,000 to win £500 on 'Bayardo'—up till that time, unbeaten. Harry Slowburn did not want to take the bet, but his brother, who was pencilling for him, insisted on his taking it. There were only three runners, and, at the distance post, Danny Maher, on 'Bayardo,' was five lengths behind and just failed to "make it," getting beaten a short head by 'Magic'—a horse that never won another race.

In the Autumn of that year, I went across to Ireland, for some racing at the Curragh. One day, I was given three good tips for Warwick for that day's racing, so, I wrote out a telegram to Slowburn which read :

"Slowburn put on 200 Slovoka win  
200 each way Palefroi 200 each way  
Evana."

and handed the telegram to the girl in the office at the hotel before going to the races. Just before leaving the course, after the races, we got the Warwick results, and I was pretty well pleased with life when a quick calculation revealed that I had won £2,800, as all the three horses had won.

You can imagine my surprise, and horror, too, when, on getting back to the hotel, the girl, who had taken in my telegram, came up and asked me where I wanted my telegram sent. The staff girl at the desk knew that "Slowburn"



was in London, but she had been having a day off evidently, and so the new girl cost me £2,800. But you must take the bad with the good in racing, and, I admit, the fault was really mine after all. I often think of that girl, and wonder if she ever forgot to post any of her husband's important business letters.

I have never in my long association with the turf been inclined to follow a tip unless I have been pretty certain that it has had the backing of the stable in question. Yet, I once bought a tip from a total stranger, and it cost me a bob.

I was entering the Sandown Park Course with a man, named Urquhart, when an urchin, who was selling papers, rushed up to us and said he had a tip which he'd sell us for a bob. Without waiting to hear whether we were agreeable to purchase the tip, he went on, "Just met Mr. Galstaun, and he told me 'Britannia' was a good thing." Urquhart looked at me and burst out laughing, while I, hardly able to keep a straight face, pulled out a bob and handed it to the urchin, saying, "Back 'Britannia,' my lad, it's all right." He had pulled a fast one on me, and had certainly earned his bob.

And, finally, to old 'King Sol,' the last of my famous platers, who won a lot for me and also cost me a bit. I even rode him in a match, in



'King Sol,'—Frank Bullock up—the medium of many a successful gamble



England, at the age of sixty, but, not—alas !—to victory.

'King Sol' won me six races, of which, one was a Selling Plate. One day, at a party, at Ossie Bell's place, I met Sir George Beaumont who asked me to have a match between 'King Sol' and one of his horses for £200 a side. I accepted the wager, and the race was fixed for the Derby Meeting. I was informed that it was one of the best days, as the crowd was big. 'King Sol' appeared to me not quite right, and he kicked and bucked all the way down to the start, and I had a pretty big handful at the gate, and when I did get off, I had lost about three lengths, which I could never make up. When I dismounted, I told Bell that this was not the old 'King Sol,' and that there was something wrong with him.

Anyway, I left England and went to Monte Carlo. One day, Bell sent me a telegram to the effect that 'King Sol' was running at Brighton and was practically a certainty, and advised me to have a good bet on the horse. Now, Bell was never a man to advise heavy betting, so, he must have thought 'King Sol' a really good thing. Fortunately, the telegram got to my host, who, himself always averse to gambling, kept it, and posted it to me after I got back to England. 'King Sol' was last—he had run sulkily, much as he had done in the match, and, Donoghue, who was riding him, had asked the

starter if he could dismount. When I returned to England, I went to see the horse, and Bell was overjoyed when I told him the story of the telegram.

That wasn't the end of my racing in England, for, in 1924, I won four selling plates with 'True Grit,' Donoghue and Archibald riding for me alternately, but I was beginning to feel the strain of racing "platers." It involves a lot of running about, and, at sixty-four, one feels that sort of thing a bit, so, I gradually drifted out of English racing and got my fun out of the few that I was still racing in India, though the bookmaking fraternity, in Calcutta, gave me little scope for really heavy gambling. All the big men had gone, most of the big money had begun to go into the Marwari Bazar, while, at this time, even Bombay was alleged to be taking some of the biggest bets from Calcutta.

My English racing had given me a real kick out of life, and, looking back on it, I feel that it was all very much worth while. We raced to win, and, incidentally, to take as much from the ring as we possibly could.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE PRINCE OF WALES' CUP

ON my return to Calcutta, in the Autumn of 1920, I found that my new importation, 'Galway Gate,' had summered well, and had shewn up on the track in Poona. He was a cracker over five furlongs, stayed the six well, but seemed to fail at distances beyond six. He had been sent across from Ireland to take on the great 'Irish Elegance', but, after a bad crossing, the best he could do was to run second. The seasons 1920-21 and 1921-22 were so dominated by 'Roubaix,' the unlucky horse of the previous year's Cup, that to tell of 'Roubaix' would be covering all the big events of the season.

He started off with the December Plate, won the Wellesley Plate and King Emperor's Cup ; and, finally, took the Viceroy's Cup, after a bit of a struggle with 'Little Nan,' who had got the worst of the start, and had been left ten lengths. This mare had already run second in the December Plate, and a close third to 'Roubaix' and 'Scatwell' in the Wellesley Plate. 'Scatwell' landed here too late to do himself justice, but he was a grand horse, and, racing with a landing allowance, he gave 'Roubaix' all he wanted in both the Wellesley

Plate and the King Emperor's Cup. 'Scatwell' had the longest stride of any horse landed in India, his measured stride being two inches longer than that of the mighty 'Roubaix' and three inches longer than 'Dark Legend's.'

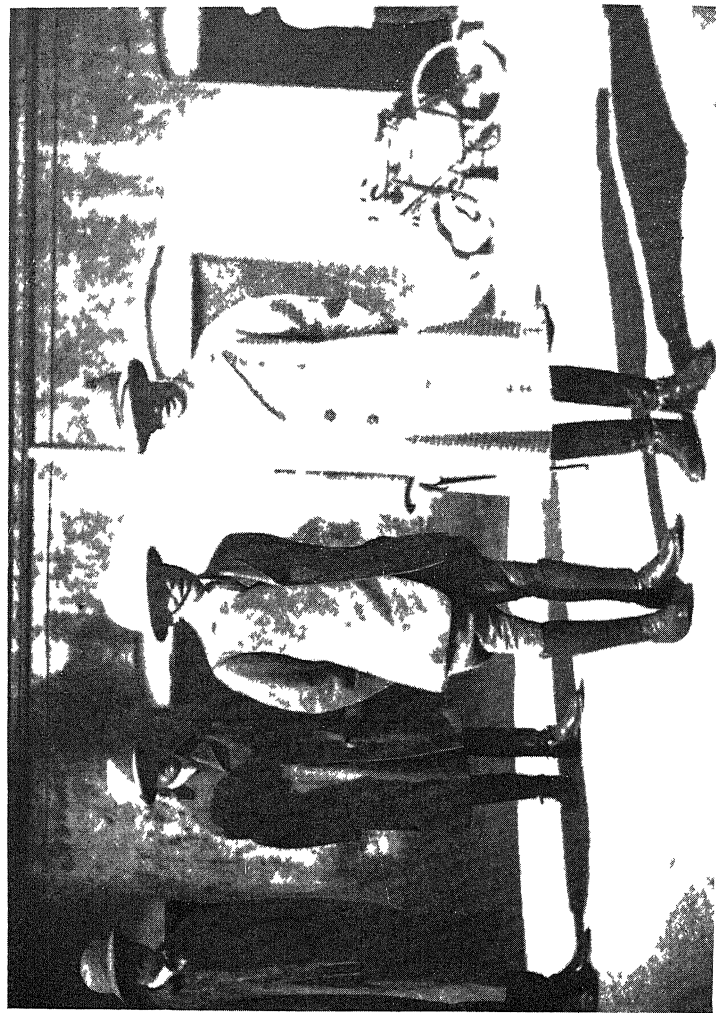
The Indian Grand National was won by 'China Egg' which I had imported. This horse, when done with racing in India, was shipped back to England, and, while in the Red Sea, the ship struck an unswept mine and sank. The horse got free and almost reached the shore, swimming well, when he was tackled and eaten by sharks.

'Scatwell' developed leg trouble and I was obliged to give him all his exercise swimming in a tank, but never succeeded in getting him racing fit.

'Roubaix' went on to Bombay, where he won the Perth Plate and the Rajpipla Gold Cup. I, too, had sent my flier to Bombay, where he won twice, beating 'Roubaix' by ten lengths, though in receipt of nearly two stone; then, later, second to 'Quarryman.' I now had reason to expect much of 'Galway Gate' for the following season. 'Quarryman' was rather a brilliant sprinter, and won several races, both in Poona and Bombay, but had no luck at all in Calcutta. In fact, right through his career, he never won a race in Calcutta. He was always in the picture, but, somehow, just faded away, and, on the whole, cost punters, in Calcutta,







H R H The Prince of Wales with the Author on the occasion of the former s  
visit to Galstaun Park—Jan , 1922

quite a lot of money, but, most of all, in one particular race. The story is sad but true.

There was a man, named D—, who gambled heavily and recklessly. That year, in Christmas week, there was racing on the Saturday, Tuesday, Thursday and again on the Saturday following, and the settling was to be on the following Monday, for all four days. The first three days proved disastrous for punters, likewise for Mr. D—, who had lost about Rs. 70,000/-, but, on the fourth day, the punters smiled, for, they had something up their sleeve which was to bring them back all their losses ; and it later transpired that 'Quarryman' was "the goods." So, they sat back and waited expectantly, contented in their belief that their losses would all be recouped, and, the next day, they, to a man, were on 'Quarryman,' and Mr. D—, none the less, had put out a further sum of Rs. 25,000/- to clear his previous losses. They were all aware of the prevalent superstition, concerning 'Quarryman,' to the effect that he was an unlucky horse, and, further, that he would never win in Calcutta—. But who, among them, believed in such a superstition !—"Wasn't this one, anyhow, straight from the horse's mouth ? And, providentially or otherwise, hadn't it been provided for their special benefit ? They were not being put off it, not this time ! It was too good a

thing to come undone ; and, so, just for luck, they would all have a bit more on just before the "off" and away would race the horses for the bend, with 'Quarryman' in the lead, and, thus, round the bend into the straight, and 'Quarryman' first past the post." 'Quarryman,' however, did pass the winning post first. Nevertheless, there was to come to his followers a rude awakening and, in its wake, disillusionment, for even before the horses had returned to the weighing in enclosure, the red cone had been hoisted. Surely, some mistake ! But—alas !—there was no mistake. The starter had phoned through, after the start, that Brown, on 'Quarryman,' had cut right across 'King's Fare' immediately after they had got started. An enquiry was held, and 'King's Fare's' flank showed the mark of Brown's spur or heel. To cut a long story short, 'Quarryman' was disqualified, the first time he had gone first past the post in Calcutta. Punters had a disastrous settling, and Mr. D—now owed the bookmakers Rs. 95,000/-.

He went up to the settling and frankly told them that he couldn't pay. But he informed them that he had two houses on a very long lease at a ridiculously low rent, about Rs. 200/- p.m. He had, he said, made these into apartments, and was getting in a rent of nearly Rs. 2,000/- p.m. He offered these houses to Goodman, the bookmaker, to run, and collect the rents and to square his debts, which would

have been cleared in four years. Goodman was ready and willing, but some of the others refused. "Well, gentlemen" said Mr. D—, "I have done my best to square you up, but some of you, for some unknown reason, have turned down my very reasonable offer. I have an alternative suggestion to make. I owe you all Rs. 95,000/—, lend me another Rs. 5,000/—, bringing the debt up to one lac, and let me have one more crack at it next race day, when I will try and square you up that way." This suggestion, however, was also turned down, and Mr. D—, presumably, still owes the bookmakers Rs. 95,000/—, and was, until very recently, in possession of his two leaseholds. He is still seen around in Calcutta, but not at the races.

A newcomer to Calcutta, 'Not Much,' took the King Emperor's Cup of 1921, while 'Roubaix,' in spite of leg trouble, was brought fit and well to the post, and, after a gruelling finish, got the better of 'Not Much' in the Cup. I had no interest in the two Cups, as I had only 'Galway Gate' and was determined to have a crack at the race of the year. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales had come out, and, in his honour, the Prince of Wales' Cup was framed—a handicap race over six furlongs. This suited 'Galway Gate,' all right, though he would be set to carry a packet, so, I decided that I'd run him only in the December Plate and the Prince of Wales' Cup, giving the King

Emperor's Cup a miss, as it was always doubtful whether he would quite stay the mile.

He had come on a lot, since his runs in Bombay early in the year, and could now get seven furlongs, as he proceeded to demonstrate in the December Plate, which he won comfortably. I then put him aside for the Prince of Wales' Cup. I had won the special Cup, presented by His Majesty the King, ten years previously, and was now particularly keen on winning his son's Cup in addition. Mr. Goculdas had a couple in the race, both fliers, with light weights, and, at one time during the race, I had some anxious moments, as they were both hanging on to 'Galway Gate,' but he stuck it out, though I was glad they hadn't another hundred yards to go. Well satisfied with the win, I handed over the stakes to His Royal Highness for distribution to charities, and received the following letter in reply :

Government House,  
Calcutta.  
30th December, 1921.

Dear Mr. Galstaun,

I want first of all to thank you very much for handing over the stakes of my cup for charitable purposes. I shall consult with Lord Ronaldshay as to the exact object to which to devote this handsome sum.

I must also thank you for so kindly mounting me in the paperchase ; I enjoyed my ride on your big chestnut horse very much indeed. I was also interested to see over your stables.

Wishing you a successful season on the turf and thanking you again for your generosity.

I remain  
Yours truly,  
Edward P.

His Royal Highness not only took a great interest in the racing itself, but was also out most mornings riding on the track and he even tried out most of our jumps.

Having won the Prince of Wales' Cup, I felt that 'Galway Gate' had done all that could be expected of him, and I decided to rest him till the following season. So, it wasn't till Poona, in September, 1922, that we had him out again, where he won the Trial Plate (1 mile), with Townsend up. This was a good enough indication, and there would have to be something really good to beat me in the King Emperor's Cup. So, there was little to do except wait for the Calcutta races to start. The horse was in the pink of condition, and everything pointed to a successful season.

## CHAPTER XIII

### 'ORANGE WILLIAM'

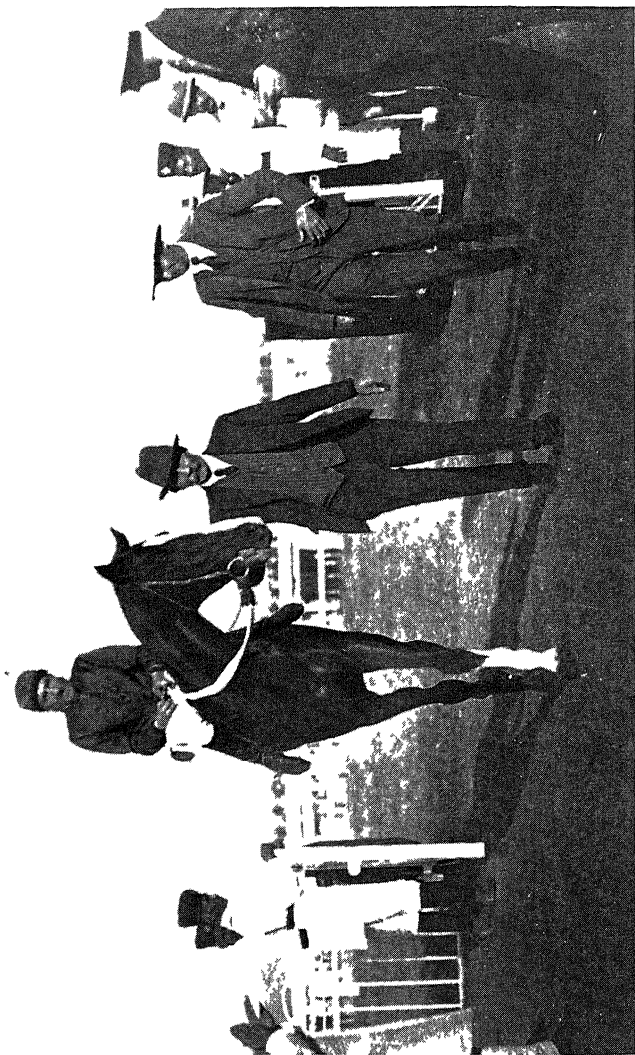
IN the Autumn of 1921, when I was in England, I was offered a horse, named 'Orange William,' for £1,500. He was bred by Mr. Brendon, who has sent several really good ones to India. The owner and I eventually came to terms, at £1,200, subject to a Vet's certificate of fitness. Unfortunately for me, he failed to pass the Vet, and he was later sold to Mr. E. H. Gregory, who had once been the head of Messrs. Shaw Wallace and Co., in Calcutta. He had bought 'Orange William' for Mr. DeSoysa, of Colombo, but, after the horse landed in Colombo, it changed hands, and became the property of Mr. Ephraim.

On coming up to Calcutta, in the Winter of 1922, he was, more or less, neglected, and was not seriously considered as a Classic contender.

I had been well satisfied with 'Galway Gate's' Poona performance and had great hopes of his staying the mile, and winning the King Emperor's Cup for me, and, when he ran away with the December Plate, I felt pretty certain of the first of the Classics. 'Orange William' had run unplaced in both the December Plate and the Wellesley Plate, and, so, he was probably getting ready for the Viceroy's Cup.







'Orange William.'

Mr. Reg Elliot may have had a way with Lions, but, as a racing tipster, he still had much to learn. Reg had long since given up riding, and hadn't yet started training. At this time, he was a journalist, covering all the Racing News for *The Englishman*, now defunct. When I woke up on the morning of the King Emperor's Cup day, this is what I read in my paper—I quote from memory - concerning the prospects of the big race :

"The best way to arrive at the winner of this race is by the process of elimination and we cannot do better than start with 'Orange William'....."

And Mr. Elliot went on to say many flattering things about 'Galway Gate' and several of the other starters, and, I have no doubt, his notes went quite a long way towards making my horse the red hot favourite it was.

The race started and away went 'Galway Gate,' lengths ahead of his field, and, by the time they had reached the bend, he had a clear five-length lead. They'd never catch him now, and there, toiling alone, at the tail end, was the orange and red striped jacket, as if to justify Elliot's prophecy of the morning. But wait, what was this, a flash, the blur of red and yellow had swung past the crowd and was now at the head of the field with only 'Galway Gate' still three lengths ahead. The next eight seconds were an agony of suspense.

Would 'Galway Gate,' or, rather, *could* 'Galway Gate' hang on? That devastating stride was lessening the gap every second; they seemed to be together opposite the Members' Stand, and when they flashed past the post, the most I could hope for was a dead-heat, and even that consolation was denied to me. Subsequent events proved, however, that this win was no fluke, and that my champion sprinter had been beaten by the best 'Miler' that had up to date come to this country.

From that day, I think, I lost all faith in Racing Tipsters, and I cannot believe that Mr. Elliot cashed in on the dividend of Rs. 721/- paid out by the Tote.

And that was 'Orange William's' debut in Calcutta Racing. He could only get fourth to 'Not Much,' 'Starshot' and 'Solo Bridge' in the Viceroy's Cup, and, once again, I had taken the second and third places in the coveted trophy.

He ran unplaced in the Cooch Behar Cup, second in the Carmichael Cup to 'Solo Bridge,' won the Prince of Wales' Plate and he was looked upon as a miler pure and simple, until he went on to win the Macpherson Cup with 9.12. He then went on to Bombay where he had two races, running second in the Rajpipla Gold Cup and winning the Byculla Club Cup, and then back to Ceylon for a rest and preparation for the following season.

I had brought out Steve Donoghue to ride for me but he had a thin time, as I won no races, though Steve eventually won the Governor's Cup, for Mr. Thaddeus, on 'Aborigine.'

In his first outing, A. Beedham, the trainer, in his efforts to give Steve a winning mount, took him off my 'Oxtrot' and put him on to Thaddeus' 'High Spot' which was considered unbeatable.

I am afraid, we were all rather crestfallen after the race, when 'Oxtrot,' ridden by Billy Bond, romped in, paying a handsome dividend, while all 'High Spot' could do was to run fourth. It was not a good beginning, and, I fear, Steve must look back on the season in Calcutta, as the worst he has ever had, though he otherwise enjoyed himself, and pocketed a handsome retainer.

But that first ride of his cost me a lot of money, as I went nap on Thaddeus' horse on the strength of Beedham's opinion and Steve having the mount.

In Poona, 1923, 'Orange William' did not show up very well, running four times, once unplaced, a third, a second, and then last, in a field of four, in the St. Leger Plate.

In Calcutta, however, a couple of months later, he ran second in the December Plate, won the Wellesley Plate, King Emperor's Cup, Viceroy's Cup, Carmichael Cup and the Prince

of Wales' Plate, after which he was taken to Bombay, where he won the Bombay City Plate and the Rajpipla Gold Cup, and, finally, ran fourth in the Grand Western Handicap, three heads separating the first four.

On 1st. January, 1924, a bad accident marred New Year's Day racing. There was the usual race before lunch which started on the Kidderpore stretch. On turning the bend at the mile-post, the horses were faced with an unexpected hurdle, in the shape of a "doll," which had not been removed. Out of the field of seven, four horses fell and only three finished. The trainer of one of the damaged horses claimed that the race should be declared null and void but this was overruled on the ground that three horses had finished the course. From that date, one of the jobs of the Assistant Starter has been to ride round the course, just before the start of each race, to see that all obstacles have been removed from the track.

For the 1924-25 season 'Orange William' was sent first to Poona, where he ran second to 'Bell Metal' in the Aga Khan Cup—my 'Gourisanker' running third—and won the Stand Plate

Then to Calcutta, where he set the ball rolling by winning the December Plate, but he had to remain content with second place to my 'Gourisanker' (level weights) in the Wellesley Plate. But there was no holding him back in

the King Emperor's Cup, Viceroy's Cup and Carmichael Cup.

He added to his laurels with two wins in two runs in Bombay in the Bombay City Plate and Rajpipla Gold Cup with 10.13.

He had certainly paid for his feed and keep so far, but there was more to come.

This season, for the first time, I won the Civil Service Cup, with 'Bidesia.' I had been trying to win this race for over twenty years, but it just seemed to elude my grasp. I had run second on nine occasions, in four of which I had been beaten a short head. 'Bidesia' failed to measure the following year, but, a year later, she measured again and won the race for me a second time, with 10.13 on her back, which, I think, constituted a record for the race.

For the 1925-26 season, 'Orange William' came straight on to Calcutta, where the December Plate, Wellesley Plate, King-Emperor's Cup and Viceroy's Cup fell to him in a run, but the best he could do in the Carmichael Cup was to run fourth, my 'Gourisanker' winning the event.

He had probably had enough, as, in Bombay, in his only run, in the Bombay City Plate, he was unplaced.

He had won four King Emperor's Cups and three Viceroy's Cups and several other big races in Poona, Calcutta and Bombay, but he was not yet done with, and, for the season 1926-27, he was sent to Poona, where he ran second twice, and third once. In Calcutta, he had three runs, in the December Plate, King Emperor's Cup and Viceroy's Cup, in all of which he ran second, 'Quincy' and 'Cap-a-pie' beating him in the two Classics.

This season saw the end of pony racing in Calcutta, and 'Little Corporal,' which, the previous year, had been running in the pony class, was now racing in Class II, which goes to show what a good class of ponies we had in Calcutta.

Old 'Orange William' gave Poona and Bombay a miss in the 1927-28 season, but came to Calcutta, where he ran unplaced in both his efforts, and that is the last we saw of the mighty champion.

Mr. Ephraim, his owner, had, however, brought 'Jingle' up from Ceylon, and this one annexed the King Emperor's Cup giving Mr. Ephraim his fifth King Emperor's Cup in six years while 'Nightjar' surprised even the knowing ones by winning the Viceroy's Cup.

It can be safely said that no horse that has ever raced in India has won as much in stakes as 'Orange William' and his record of

four King Emperor's Cups on end, and a second, and three Viceroy's Cup on end, and a second, will stand unbeaten for many years to come.

It is still argued by some that 'May-fowl's' three Burdwan Cups and four Viceroy's Cups on end, constitute a greater feat but the majority, I think, will hold that 'Orange William' must be looked upon as the mightiest of Calcutta's champions.



## CHAPTER XIV

### 'STAR OF ITALY'

JIMMY Robinson had a bumper season in 1928-29. In both the Thaddeus Cup and Wellesley Plate, he ran first and second with 'Atreas' and 'Quincy,' and 'Atreas' continued the good work by winning the King Emperor's Cup. I picked up the Mayfowl Cup myself with 'Dark Orient.'

In the Viceroy's Cup, 'Atreas,' 'Nightjar' and 'Silver Lark' were all heavily supported, but Jimmy slipped in with 'Astre D'or,' which was going a-begging at fifteens.

At Poona, a three year old appeared which was to leave its mark on Indian Racing—'Star of Italy,' by Caligula. He ran unplaced, then a second, and again unplaced in closed races.

In Calcutta, he had one run in the Warwick Plate which he won. He was not called upon again until the Bombay season when he ran first in the Eclipse Stakes and second in the Grand Western Handicap, beating 'Dark Orient,' 'Astre D'or' and 'Cap-a-pie.'

He dominated the season 1929-30, when, in five runs, he won four times, and was second

once. The Wellesley Plate (in which a fine of Rs. 20/- was imposed on his trainer for not declaring his weight) the King Emperor's Cup and the Viceroy's Cup fell to him in Calcutta, and, in Bombay, he again won the Eclipse.

In 1930-31, he was even more consistent, winning five times in five outings, the Wellesley Plate, King Emperor's Cup and Viceroy's Cup in Calcutta, and the Rajpipla Gold Cup and C. N. Wadia Gold Cup in Bombay.

His legs went wrong in 1931-32 and he did not race; nor did his legs improve sufficiently the following season to enable him to run in Poona or Calcutta. In Calcutta, 'Sans Ame' was the horse of the year, winning the Hilliard Plate, King Emperor's Cup, Viceroy's Cup and Carmichael Cup, and, in his only run, in Bombay, he annexed the Eclipse.

Meanwhile, they got 'Star of Italy' right for Bombay, where he ran third in the Chief of Kagal Memorial Plate, first in the Hughes Memorial Plate, unplaced in the Great Western Handicap, and third in the C. N. Wadia Gold Cup.

'Sans Ame' and he met in the season 1933-34. In the Hilliard Plate, 'Star of Italy' beat 'Sans Ame,' and in the King Emperor's Cup 'Sans Ame' turned the tables, 'Ethics' running second, 'Star of Italy' unplaced. Which was the

better horse will never be known, for, in the Viceroy's, Cup, though 'Star of Italy' won, 'Sans Ame' dropped dead, after running third. In Bombay, 'Star of Italy' won the C. N. Wadia Gold Cup from 'Ethics.'

'Sans Ame' was the first of the Esmond Stud to come to India, and there is little doubt that he was a champion. Others, from the same stud farm, followed, and though the majority of them did well and won big races none of them was as good as 'Sans Ame,' who, but for a weak heart, might have gone on to break many a racing record in India.

This season, the daily double was started and proved most popular. I remember, towards the end of the first meeting, having to wait nearly half an hour at one of the booths for Mr. Harry Gregson to complete the purchase of what must, in fact, have been an "all in" combination. When he had completed the job, I tackled him about it, and it turned out that I was right. Apparently, he was working a Stock Exchange Syndicate which had been taking "all in" combinations right through the meeting, and, I learnt later, that they had trebled their capital before other syndicates tumbled to the game, when the Daily Double dividends were considerably reduced. Later on, the R. C. T. C. gave better facilities to those who were brave enough to tackle the "all in" combination.

'Star of Italy' had won three Viceroy's Cups in five years, and, in 1935, came back and had another go at the Cup, but was badly kicked at the start, and broke down in front of the stands the first time round, and had to be shot.

His record is remarkable, and, I think, only 'Orange William' and 'Mayfowl' did better than this son of 'Caligula.'

## CHAPTER XV

### OUR PRESENT CHAMPIONS

THE rest you know.

You have seen those great horses 'Play On,' 'Mas d'Antibes,' 'Finalist' and 'Baqlava' making Turf history. Though 'Play On,' has left us for ever, 'Mas d'Antibes' is still with us and his progeny have started fetching good prices at the sales of Indian Bred youngsters, and there is little doubt that he will leave his mark on the Indian horse-breeding industry.

The progress made in the last few years in the breeding of Indian horses has been most satisfactory. Bombay and Poona are catering for them in a big way, and their programmes for the next few years include Indian Derbies and St. Legers,' with high stakes. Most of the smaller race-clubs have already been catering for them for some years, and, in Calcutta, (where the Monsoon programmes have included races for Indian Breds for some seasons), it is evident from the activities of the R. C. T. C. that our future Winter Racing will include races at least for the better class locally bred animal.

The progress of the Indian horse-breeding industry has been of necessity expedited owing to the difficulty of importing animals from

England and Australia on account of the war, but, whatever the cause, the breeding of race horses in India is the logical outcome of the rapid growth of racing in India, especially as our sporting Princes have started importing the best bloodstock from other countries.

'Finalist' and 'Baqlava' are still winning major events, and though I would have liked to have given them each a chapter, that pleasure must be left to another.

'Finalist' was given his first outing on Indian soil in December, 1937, in the Western India Cup. He, evidently, impressed his connections in that race, and he went out favourite for the Newbury Plate a month later. He won comfortably, and everything pointed to his success in the Eclipse Stakes of India, for which he went out a red hot favourite. This was, perhaps, the most discussed race of recent years, and all sorts of rumours were floating around in Bombay prior to the race, to the effect that 'Finalist' would be "got at," and, failing that, his jockey would be "got at." Evans, who had ridden 'Finalist' in his first two races, was taken off and Clark Hoyt was given the mount, but the "yellow racing press" still had much to say. Anyway, the public refused to be put off and supported him solidly. In the race 'Why' streaked out to the front, and both Hoyt, on 'Finalist,' and Rickaby, on 'Fastnet,' left their run till just

too late, with the result that 'Why' passed the post a head in front of 'Finalist,' who was, in turn, a head in front of 'Fastnet.'

A fortnight later, 'Finalist' made amends by winning the Hughes Memorial Plate, this time with Evans back in the saddle.

We had, however, seen enough to realise that the horse which had stood at the top of the handicap in England would be a serious contender for all the Classic events the following season.

In Poona, he was given a couple of runs, in both of which he ran third, giving away lumps of weight, and it was evident that all was well with the horse. And so to Calcutta for the Classics.

A run (unplaced) in the Hilliard Plate; an easy victory in the Wellesley Plate; and an equally facile win in the King Emperor's Cup; and, in the Viceroy's Cup, he ran away from the others winning by three and a half lengths. The Carmichael Cup, which was then a 'Terms' race, also came his way, and he was sent back to Bombay, where he had only one run, winning the Hughes Memorial Plate as easily as he had won his races in Calcutta.

In the following season, he ran in the Hilliard Plate, won the Wellesley Plate by six lengths, and was looked upon as a racing certainty for the King Emperor's Cup. But

'Baqlava,' who had won the Hilliard Plate, now came on the scene, and, beautifully handled by Sibbritt, beat the champion by a short head. The Viceroy's Cup was easily accounted for, but, thereafter, a whisper went round about 'a leg' and 'Finalist' did not race in Bombay.

Poona, too, was given a miss the following season, and our champion came to Calcutta for just the two Cups. In both, he met, and was beaten by, 'Baqlava,' and on both occasions, decisively. 'Baqlava' set up timing records in both races, and, I think, there was no further doubt that 'Finalist' had met his match.

He was, however, a Die Hard, and went on to Bombay, where he won the Grand Western Handicap, with top weight.

He came back to Calcutta last season, determined to settle the question once and for all with 'Baqlava.' His run in the Hilliard Plate, which was won by 'Baqlava' from pillar to post, was merely an outing. In the King Emperor's Cup, however, 'Baqlava' won as he liked and 'Finalist' was only a neck ahead of 'Good Fare' at the finish.

When, later, it became known that 'Baqlava' would not run in the Viceroy's Cup, our champion stuck out his chest, as if to say, "Youth will be served—'Baqlava' may have beaten me—but see what I do to the others!"



And old 'Finalist' went on to win his third Viceroy's Cup ; though, it must be admitted, it was 'a lean year for him.'

The Bombay venture was not successful for our champion, and he went to his Summer quarters along with his new stable companion, 'Lucrative,' who arrived in Calcutta from Australia early in the year, in spite of Japanese threats in the Pacific.

'Baqlava's' record is even more impressive. He was unplaced in all his runs in Poona, in 1938, but, in Calcutta, he won his first two races, in Class III, at Barrackpore. He did not show up in his first outing in a higher class. He then won a Class II race, but ran unplaced in a race open to both Class I and Class II horses. Three runs in Bombay, early in 1939, resulted in a second and two wins.

The following season saw him out in Poona on but one occasion, when he ran unplaced in a handicap-race won by his stable companion, 'Panaster.' In Calcutta, however, he showed us how good he was. He began by winning the Hilliard Plate by a neck from 'Panaster' and went on to spring the surprise of the season, by beating the odds on favourite, 'Finalist,' in the King Emperor's Cup, and though everyone made excuses for 'Finalist,' subsequent events proved that we had in our midst another 'Orange William.'

Alec Higgins knows how to care for a horse, and 'Baqlava' was not raced again until the Bombay big meeting, when he was sent out for the Chief of Kagal Memorial Plate, which he won with top weight. Hitherto, Walsh and Scanlan had ridden the horse, but, in the Hughes Memorial Plate, Brace was put up, and, though he went out a good favourite, the best he could do was to run third to 'Phakos' and 'Steel Helmet,' at level weights. After this unaccountable defeat, he was not raced again that season. The following year, he was again given an outing in Poona, where, again, he ran unplaced. Then to Calcutta, where he ran second to 'Good Fare' in the Hilliard Plate; first in the King Emperor's Cup, where, this time, he decisively beat 'Finalist' by two lengths, and set up a timing record of 1m. 36  $\frac{1}{5}$  secs. for the race; and, finally, another decisive win over 'Finalist' in the Viceroy's Cup, in which race he not only set up a new timing record of 2m. 57  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs., but gave overwhelming proof of the staying qualities of the 'Tetrach' blood.

He was then taken to Bombay. There was, however, some doubt about his leg, but Alec Higgins, his trainer, decided that he was good enough to win without any further preparation, and, so, he went out for his first Eclipse Stakes. That he got home by a short head from that unlucky horse, Passe Passe II, was, indeed, a feather

in the cap of his trainer, for immediately after the race, 'Baqlava' had to undergo an operation for the removal of his hoof, and it was only because of the great care bestowed on him thereafter that he was able to come to Calcutta for the season 1941-1942.

He ran but twice. He again surprised every one by winning the Hilliard Plate from pillar to post, and there was no doubt about his superiority in the King Emperor's Cup, when, for the third year in succession, he beat old 'Finalist.'

After this race, however, his leg began giving trouble, and, though he was favourite for the Viceroy's Cup, he was withdrawn from the race at the last moment, as our two leading Veterinary Surgeons certified that the risk of running the horse would be too great, and this gave 'Finalist' his chance of entering the list of the select few who have won the Viceroy's Cup on three or more occasions.

At the comparatively early age of six, 'Baqlava' had run in twenty-three races, in thirteen of which he appeared in the bracket. They included three King Emperor's Cups, one Viceroy's Cup, and one Eclipse Stakes of India. Let it also be remembered that whenever they met 'Baqlava' defeated 'Finalist.'

Both 'Finalist' and 'Baqlava' are now aged, and, though the aged must inevitably give place

to the young, we can only hope that these two veterans will be fit and well next year to meet the new and unbeaten Western India Champion, 'Golden Fawn.'

Straight from H. H. The Aga Khan's stud, 'Golden Fawn,' together with four others, was bought by H. H. The Gaekwar of Baroda at an inclusive price, which, to-day, His Highness would gladly have paid for 'Golden Fawn' alone.

His five outings in Bombay, last season, resulted in brackets, including the coveted Eclipse Stakes. But he has still to prove himself against the two veterans, who, for the past four years, have, between them, won, four King Emperor's Cups, four Viceroy's Cups, one Eclipse, and several other big events, both in Bombay and in Calcutta. When he has met these two, as well as H. H. The Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior's new Australian importation, 'Lucrative,' we will know exactly where he stands.

Never before, in the history of racing in India, have we had so many first class thoroughbreds in training. Most of the animals, champions themselves, also represent the best blood from both England and Australia. This alone spells a long term of prosperity for the Indian horse-breeding industry.

To a certain extent, racing, in Calcutta, has, in the last few years, been commercialised.

One hears references to investments in horse flesh giving a good return on Capital, but this is only transitory, and only the right type of owner will eventually survive. Though we all try to make our racing pay, horse-racing, as a business, must surely die a natural death. It is all to the good of the game that so many of our Ruling Princes have taken it up on a large scale, as, in this way, some of the best horses from other lands have found their way into India.

Classification of horses has its *pros* and *cons*, but there is no doubt that it has been of great help to the small owner. To-day, a horse can only compete in such races as the King Emperor's Cup and Viceroy's Cup after being classified in, or promoted to, Class I, though the Eclipse Stakes of India is open to all stallions and mares of four, five and six years. In the good old days, however, I had the satisfaction of winning both the major events with horses that won the Maiden Horse Stakes a few weeks earlier and which would, most certainly, have been put into Class III to-day.

The trouble is that there are not enough Classes. Certainly, about half the number of horses racing in Class IV, have no right to be there, nor are they good enough to be permitted to win races worth Rs. 2,000/-. A fifth class, with stakes of Rs. 1,000/- would, perhaps, meet the case, and some such arrangement should be

made in the interest of owners, trainers, the public and the handicapper himself. There is a difference between top and bottom weights in class four, of as much as five stone, which alone calls for an additional class to meet the peculiar situation.

I have, from time to time, introduced several people to the Turf. I have already mentioned the incident connected with 'Courallie' and was also responsible for the late Mr. T. M. Thaddeus' coming into the game. Though he was one of the few big owners who made racing pay, his wife, for years, accused me of leading her husband out of the straight and narrow path. One of the biggest owners at one time, he remained the smallest of punters, and, I think, I have already mentioned that I know of only two occasions, right through his racing career, when he backed his horses to win him substantial sums.

I once nearly made the late Sir Rajendra Nath Mookerjee an owner of a racehorse. I had often suggested that he should go in for the game on a big scale, but he merely smiled and would not consider the idea.

One day, I was surprised when Sir Rajendra told me he was prepared to go in for racing but only on the condition that he would share a horse with me—and it would have to be a Cup-horse.

Ringstead, the trainer, had just returned from Europe and had told me of a good two-year old available in France, a horse, named 'Easton.' He recommended the animal, and thought that I would get it for about £2,500. I thereupon wrote to Mr. Sevadjan, of the French Motor Car Co., who was then still in France, and asked him to negotiate for the purchase of the animal up to £2,500 for Sir R. N. Mookerjee and myself. He replied to my letter with what was virtually a lecture on wasting large sums of money on horse-flesh, and did nothing for us at the time. I, however, wrote back asking him to try and purchase the animal for us, but when he did make enquiries, 'Easton' had already been sold for £3,000 to someone in England.

As you already know, 'Easton' ran second in the Derby the following year, and that is the nearest Sir Rajendra got to winning the Viceroy's Cup. It is good to see his son and his grandson racing now, and their recent successes should certainly lead to the extension of both their stables.

We, in Calcutta, are, at the present time, being given luxury racing at our doorstep, at the cheapest possible rates, and we are gradually working up to a high level in stakes. Comparing the four days of the Royal Ascot meeting, with the four big days in Calcutta, in 1939, we find that £71,730 was distributed in stakes at Ascot,

whereas Rs. 3,45,600/- or about £26,000 was distributed in Calcutta.

We have a strong body of Stewards keeping an eye on the game generally, a capable and hard working Secretary, who runs the affairs of the Club, backed by his own experience as a very successful owner a few years ago. His outstanding success was with 'Martin' who rose from the ranks at Tollygunge to compete eventually against first class horses, running third to 'Orange William' and 'Plymouth Rock' in the Prince of Wales' Plate of 1924.

All the Officials have been carefully chosen, and each is now an expert in his line, and, in general, we are working at a pretty high level in Calcutta. In racing, however, there will always be discontentment but it can safely be said that owners are being well looked after, trainers and jockeys are quite satisfied and the public are getting a square deal. Even the bookmakers have stopped grouching about the Tote, though they would, perhaps, like to be permitted to take in more of the 'small money' and, if the minimum bet with them were reduced from thirty to twenty rupees, they would be better able to adjust their books, as, at the present time, even with big fields, only four or five horses are well backed in a race. To make up for the corresponding loss to the Tote, they are even prepared to disgorge ten per cent of all such bets to the club which shows



how badly they need the 'small money' to keep their books going satisfactorily.

Besides the Bookmakers and the Tote, there are the 'bucket shops.' It is idle to shut our eyes to the fact that they do exist, and the reason they continue to exist is because they make money.

Some of the bigger fry run elaborate offices and even go to the extent of issuing numbered slips with the bets written on them, payment being dependent on the handing in of these slips after the race.

Give the public what it wants and the public will pay you for it. The public wants a flutter and the 'bucket shop' gives them the opportunity of having it. But you ask, "Why not go to the races and have your flutter there?" Well, simply because the public wants to make much money with the minimum outlay, and the prevailing bet at the average 'bucket shop' is ten annas, generally risked on a double or a treble. On these treble bets, the 'bucket shop' safeguards itself by fixing a maximum limit of 400 to 1, and a punter has only to hit it off once to be perpetually drawn into the net. Bigger bets are also taken, but the bulk of the takings is from a large number of small bets,

The only real difficulty that recegoers now have to face, is the spotting of winners, which

is, of course, the essence of the sport. None of us are, unfortunately, like George Bernard Shaw, who, when asked to go to a Race Meeting, muttered into his beard: "I know that one horse runs faster than another, why should I go to see it demonstrated!" and we, with the man, who invited Mr. Shaw to the races, would have been tempted to ask, "But *which* horse, Mr. Shaw—*which* horse?"

Eleven Champions have won the Viceroy's Cup on two occasions, 'Meg Merribes,' 'Favourite,' 'Highborn,' 'Sprightly,' 'Great Scot,' 'Fitzgraston,' 'Bachelor's Wedding,' 'Kiltoir,' 'Roubaix,' 'Nightjar' and 'Mas d'Antibes.'

Those higher up in the role of honour consist of seven that won the cup on three or more occasions, and they are :

1. 'Satellite.' Ch.aus.h. 1872, 1875 and 1876. Owned first by Mr. Ali Abdulla, and, later, by Kwaja Ashanoola. It should be remembered, however, that, in 1876, when the Prince of Wales came to India, there was an Imperial meeting at Delhi, and there was no Viceroy's Cup that year, but 'Satellite' won the substituted Prince of Wales' Cup after a dead-heat with 'Lord Clifden.' As the distance was the St. Leger course, the run off, the same day, must have been a true test of stamina.

2. 'King Craft.' B.aus.h. 1873, 1877 and 1878. 'King Craft' was owned by Mr. Maitland right through his racing career.

3. 'Myall King.' B.aus.g. 1887, 1888 and 1890. Owned by Lord William Beresford. This was the most talked of horse of the century ; and, in addition to his three Viceroy's Cups, he won for his popular owner one Dharbanga Cup.
4. 'Mayfowl.' B.e.g. 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913. The first and only horse to win four Viceroy's Cups on end. In 1912, he divided the honours with 'Brogue.' He won, in addition, three Burdwan Cups, one Grand Annual, one Cooch Behar Cup, one Macpherson Cup and four small races on the flat. He raced six seasons, the first four as the property of Sir A. A. Apcar, and the last two on lease to Mr. R. R. S.
5. 'Orange William.' Ch.e.g. 1923, 1924 and 1925. In addition, he won four King Emperor's Cups as well as many terms and handicap races both in Calcutta and Bombay. He was the biggest money spinner that ever came to India. He was owned by Mr. Ephraim of Ceylon.
6. 'Star of Italy.' B.e.g. 1929, 1930 and 1933. After breaking down in 1930, he was off the track for two seasons but came back and showed his 'class' by winning the Cup, from start to finish, in 1933. He was owned by Sir Victor Sassoon.
7. 'Finalist.' Br.e.g. 1938, 1939 and 1941. He also took the King Emperor's Cup in 1938, but could only come second to 'Baqlava' in

1939, 1940 and 1941. His defeat in the Eclipse Stakes, 1938, caused a sensation. 'Finalist' is owned by H. H. the Maharaja Scindia of Gwalior.

My own horses won me 562 races in the first quarter of this century, and, of these, fifty eight were won in England.

My most profitable winners were 'Tangaroa' and 'Matalgia' (17 each), 'Dulcimer' (14), Golden 'Square' (13), 'Bidesia' (12) 'Hurdy Gurdy' and 'Madame Seguin' (11 each), 'Circus Girl,' 'Harmonique,' 'Ox Trot' (10 each), while 'Galway Gate' and 'Clondir' each gave me eight wins, the last named never being beaten in my colours.

This completes my effort. My racing has been grand fun and has completely filled the spare moments of my life. Even now I am unable to say which thrilled me more—a Donoghue six-length victory, with £15,000 at stake, or a finish of the kind generally served up by Jimmy.

And when next you go racing, and your horse and another are providing you with just such a finish, and they flash past the post locked together, horses and jockeys giving of their best, and the other one's number goes up, and your first thought is "that mutt in the box was asleep," remember! that only the judge can tell.

*The End*

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